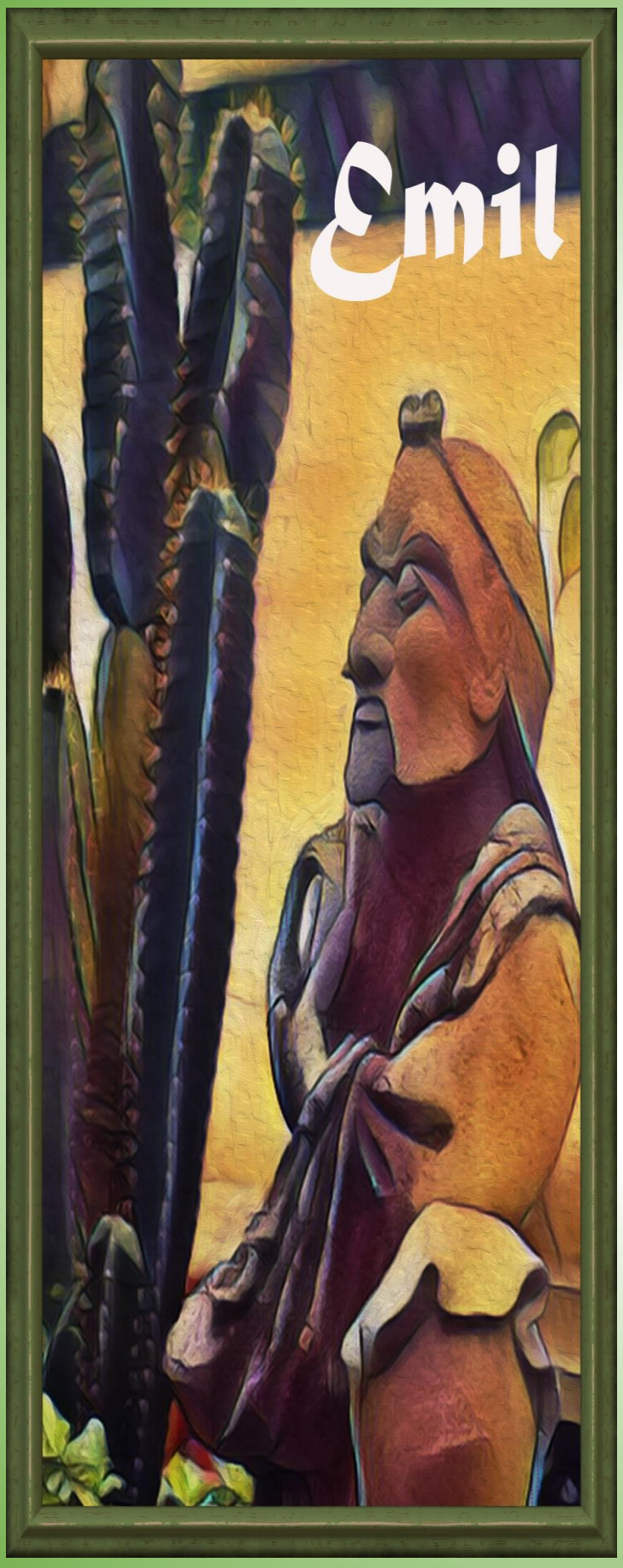

Distant Drums

Sunday at Wat Suthat
Bangkok, Thailand

Emil

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Singapore
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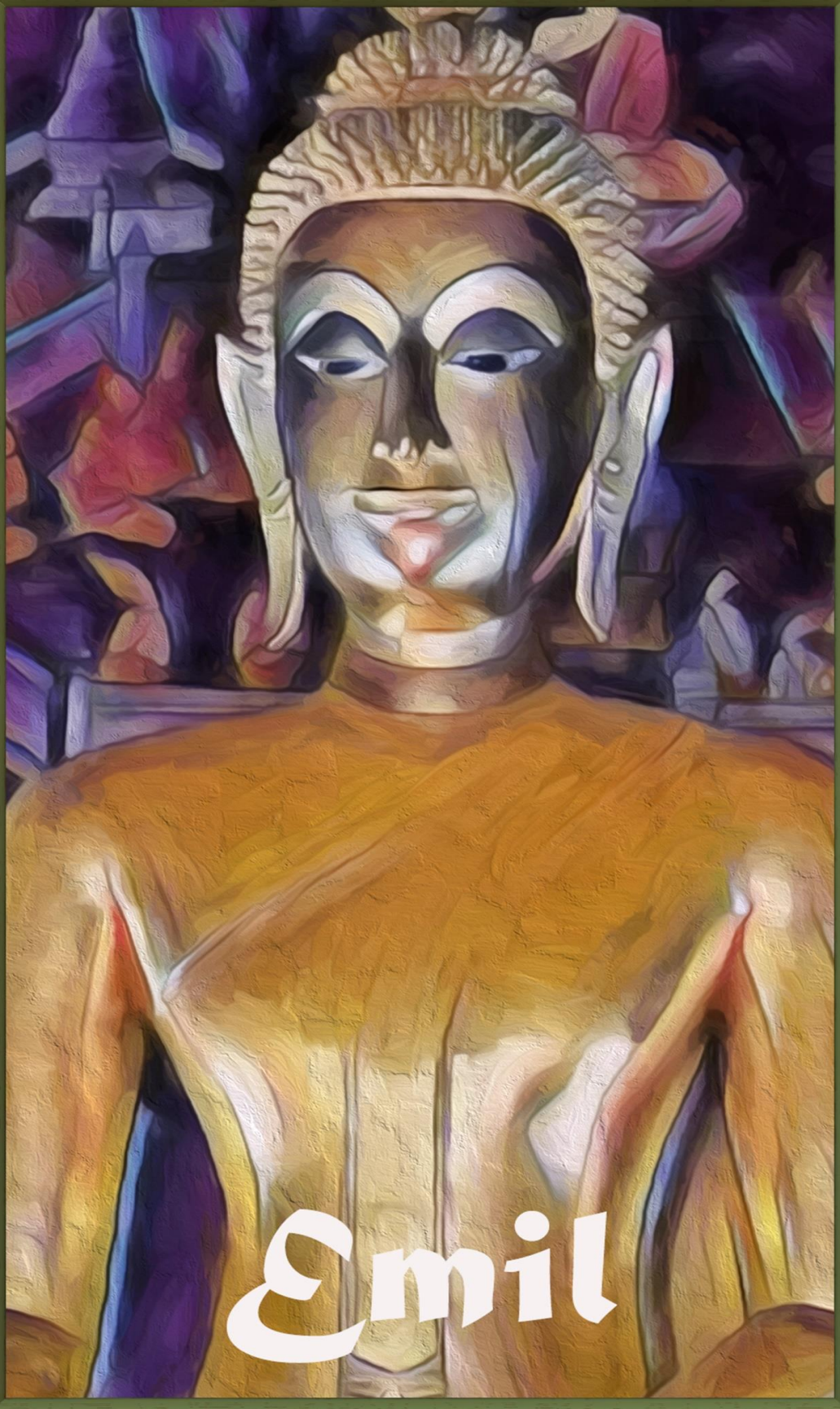
First Publication 09/2019


Emil

A RETURN TO EMIL LAND

This issue came as a complete surprise as we didn't commission it and had specifically (on purpose) told Emil "**NO MORE TEMPLE BOOKS**."

Our administrative team and Mister Charles (our ace accountant) had made an issue that there were way too many temple books by Emil, in such a short period of time and that the current ones were not selling, at least, not in any volume.

I agreed with Charles and had my own concerns that Emil was on the verge of becoming a "one-trick-pony" artist (*regardless of what Emil now claims, I did not and am not calling him a "Pony Boy" as that would be rude and insultive to "Pony Boys" in general*) and from what Charles showed the administrative team from the sales charts, this was not a good thing for Emil nor WWWG.

Then this arrive (**HANG ON HERE!)** with correct postage and nothing dripping out of the package! I was beyond shaken! "This is all wrong?!?"

My first instinct was that this was someone pretending to be Emil and was not aware of Emil's unstable history in mail deliveries or else they would have sent postage due, too.

After a long inspection, we all concluded that, even though it was done in a most unusual style, we all

Emil

A RETURN TO EMIL LAND

dismissed that this was someone pretending to be Emil while agreeing “who would want to do that?” On a hunch though, I did check the entire edition, given Emil’s recent spats with the Hong Kong Thought Police, to see if their was in Pro-China comments or anything that might indicate that this was a Chinese Fabrication...

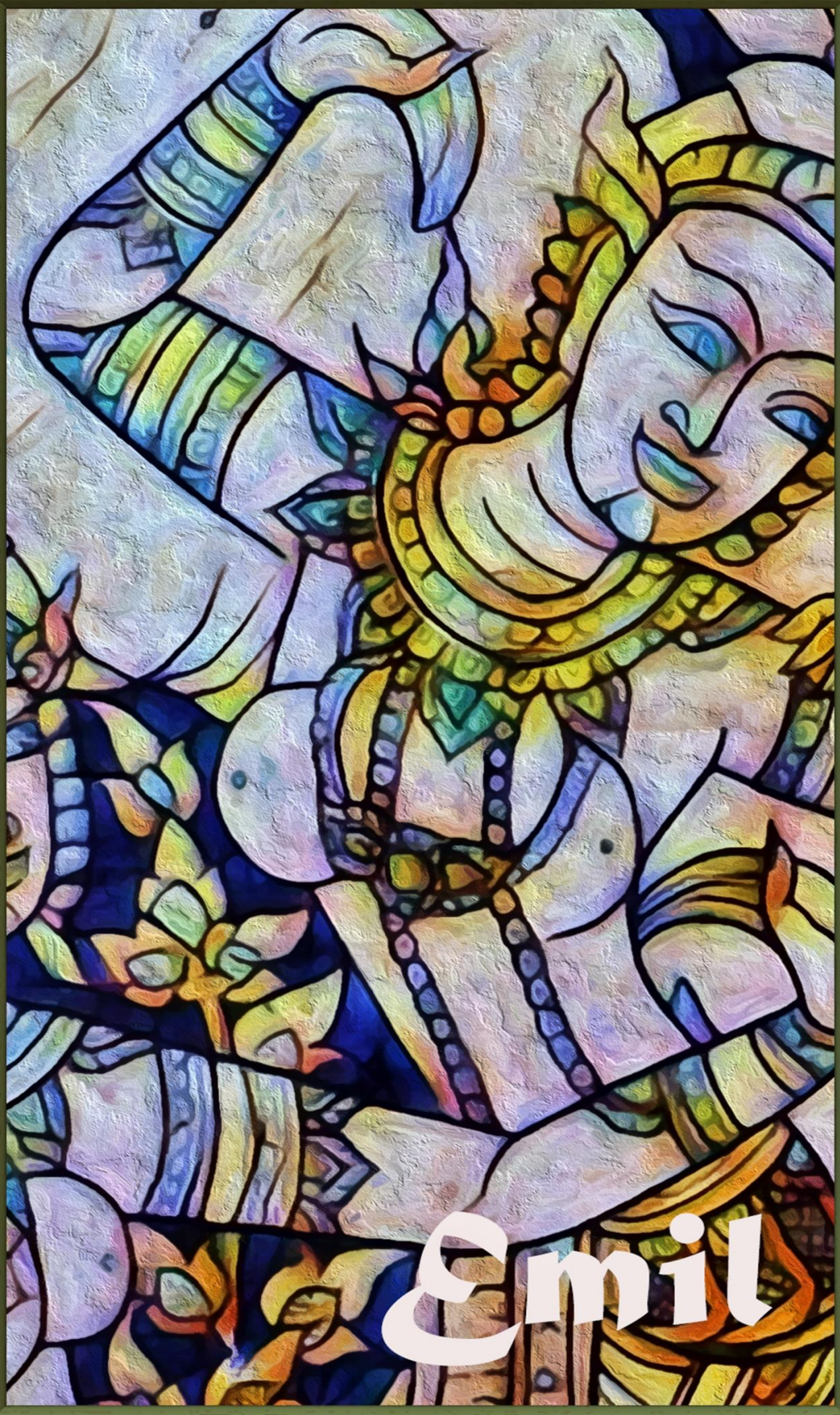
I know!

Tin-foil hat time, Seine?

I know that I said no more “**TEMPLE**” books but, as I read through it; I was struck that this wasn’t in one in any traditional sense as the illustrations reflected a typical Emil mixture of “Turn-of-the-Century” Modern Art with almost a new age batik watercolour matte design that I thought was rather interesting and this is why I overruled the collect wisdom of my management team (seemingly, deeply offending Charles but, then I understand his beef against Emil plays a large part in his suggestions, too) and I am proud to offer all of you Emil Trekkers, here is this newest work that will hopefully amaze you too.

Seine LaGone

Emil


Emil

SIMPLISTICALLY REVISITED

When I was younger the word “mediation” was a word that was virtually known to most Americans and for that matter, too me also.

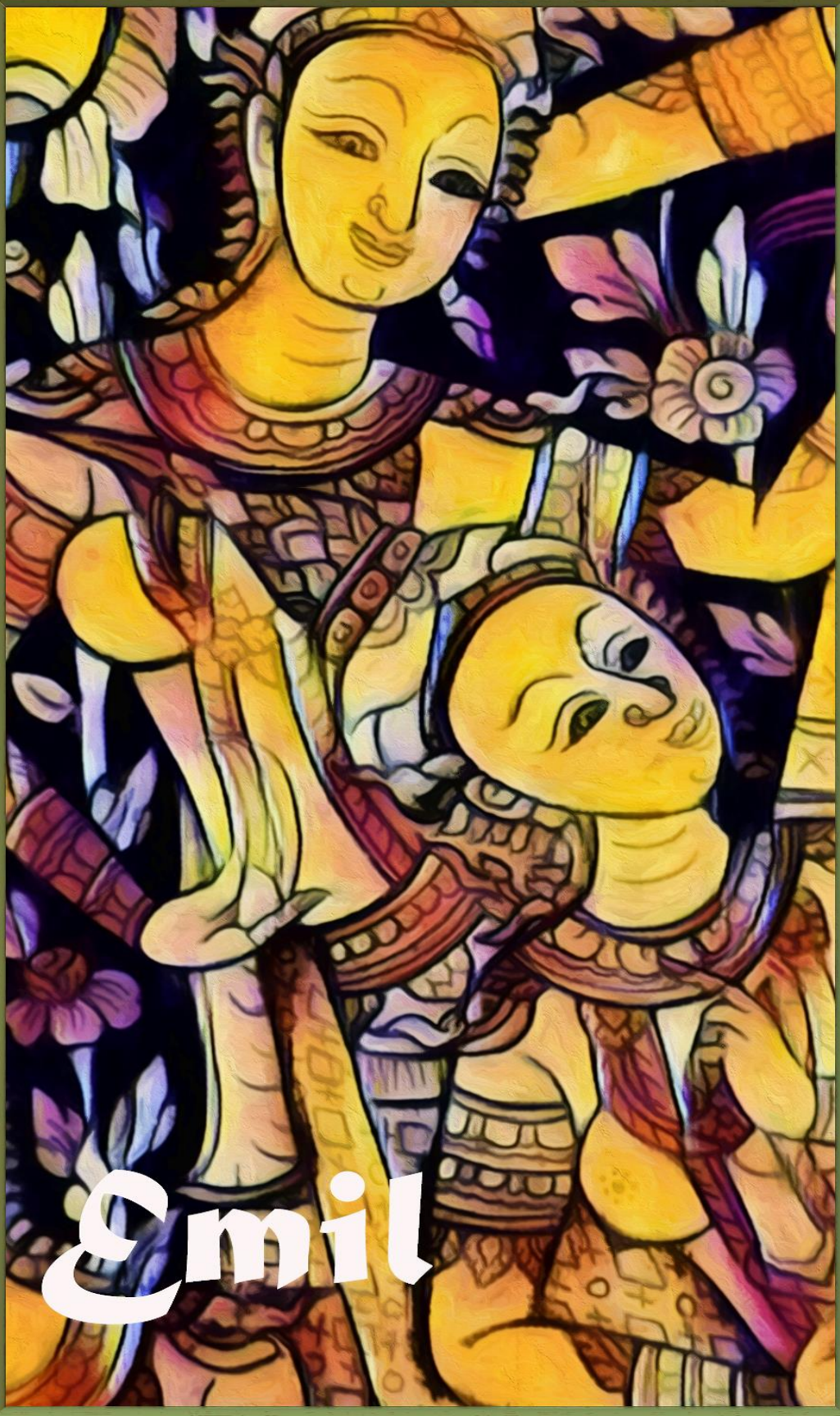
It was a most alien concept to the vast majority and was for the vast majority of my fellow working class stiffs, it was something a rather close or kin to being a lazy, lay-about bum or on the other end of the American Economic Pyramid (scheme) a snotty, well-pampered, spoiled trust fund baby who had more than enough leisure time to just sit about and think.

In fact, My brother John always was quick to remind me “A mind is a terrible thing!” and he further claimed that 90% of all of the world’s problems originated in rich people sitting around and thinking ; he explain to me as we grew up, that thinking downright hurt and should be discouraged at all cost.

“Leave the thinking to those who need to do it like scientists and engineers...”

John’s solution was to drink himself into a near coma and effectively, if not completely shut down the thinking process all together.

Of course, there were other downsides to his theory in actual execution, such as the inability to hold a steady job and in some great sense of universal payback for trying to beat nature; the inability to hold a steady job created more time to sit around and think...It was like our old hound dog chasing it’s own tail and in the end, like the dog, John just collapsed and died.


Emil

SIMPLISTICALLY REVISITED

In fact, everyone with the exception of those who followed John's theory, we all practiced mediation without understanding that was what we were doing. When we practiced or even said "I need some time to think about it" or "I need to sleep on it;" we were in reality practicing a form elementary mediation.

I once lived in the American South-West in a then rustic town of Phoenix, I was deeply into this "I need to think about it" mostly (I believe) to actively rebel again my brother John's domination of our collective thoughts. Out on the edge of the town, in the northern foothills, was (by then) an abandon water management dam which had been built to control flash floods and create irrigation for the citrus and cotton farmers of that generation back in the 1930's under the advent of the WPA (Works Project Administration).

The dam was built in the massive size of the 1930's with artful, Art Deco decorations and utopian symbolism that was rampant amongst the $1 per day workers of the WPA (a dollar a day, grub and a place to hang your shoes every night).

It is little wonder that it still stood in valent readiness long after the climate changed and the flash floods were replaced by draughts which, in turn, drove the farmers back closer to town where there was a vast supply of available ground water to grow their crops.

Emil

SIMPLISTICALLY REVISITED

I discovered this dam by sheer accident while exploring the surrounding desert on my motorcycle and almost had an accident as I turned a sharp bend in the mountain trail and nearly launched myself off the top of the dam before siding to a rather painful stop.

Having just had a seemingly life-ending, emergency situation; I decided to take a short rest to calm what little remained of my last nerve while attempting to calculate just how many of my “Cat’s Lives” that I had wasted on this stupid dam, which was out here in the middle of nowhere.

Sat there a long time as I was not fond of near death experiences and this place was so peaceful and it was rather cool...I assume from being surrounded by the high desert cliffs that shaded all but the mid section of the dam in the late afternoon.

Against John’s wish advice, I sat there thinking about all those ugly “What ifs?” Then, my mind kind of just went blank and I realized that I wasn’t thinking...not about anything...Nothing? Blank?

This was amazing and was for all practical purposes, this was my first true introduction to actual, real mediation. Turns out that it didn’t hurt and in fact, just coming up here to clear my mind was of great assistance in making even my worse problem minor compared to the vastness of the surrounding desert. It became addictive!

Emil

Emil

Emil

Emil

ZEN & WAT SUTHAT

At the end of the last posting, I left you abandoned, sitting out on a desert dam in the middle of the Arizona Central Desert and it was starting to get dark and seems that I left you all without a ride back into town...

Sorry!

I kind of figured that you all were smart enough to walk back to the road...you all have a smart phones...and were more than capable of calling an Uber...

So, I just figured that you all would be alright...the coyotes (the four-legged one) don't came out until much later in the evening...true night owls each of them....and it is commonly known that the snakes sleep after dark.

See, you proved me right although, I did watch the late Channel Three News to see (just in case) if any bodies had been found out in the desert...as there wasn't an breaking news; I celebrated by heading down to the club to get a late meal and several rounds of drink.

Remember the "destination wasn't the point of the journey, it was the trip itself, that was meant to be the learning experience" or so my brother John was fond of saying and being left out in the desert proves that he was right. What did you learn?

Any way, I hope that now you realize that mediation is universal but is understood and explained differently from culture to culture...

Emil

ZEN & WAT SUTHAT

My editor was deeply concerned to the point of panic after a first read of my extensive sidetrack introduction and expressed his opinion that this was all wasted type and that he saw it as only serving to be a build up for one collective, a universal shout out of “WTF was he talking about?”

Hopefully, through a continued, a deeper read into the real meat of the story; You will see how I twisted, spun and turned this all about in a most creatively series of links, while amassing it all together and at a certain point, you will openingly join with me in the public shaming of editor Seine for his lack of faith in the sharpness of my readership...

Cornered you into that one, didn’t I?

By means of this extensive and ultra long introduction, you have learned that mediation is universally understood differently by different cultures, that it turns out to be fairly easy to do while it didn’t really require any expensive classes or equally expensive mediation suits - accessories are only optional and you do better (now) understand how it was a true, near life altering event that brought me to this “Road to Damascus” moment and somewhat, radically changed my life.

As a younger person, the dam became my safe zone for all those years whenever those “I need to think about” moments overtook me and later, I abandoned it like a

Emil

ZEN & WAT SUTHAT

slightly older, a more punchy and trail-worn version of Christopher Robbins as I moved beyond it's worthwhile functions and my need to have a safe zone in for life. Which brings me to our current story.

Wat Suthat (which has a much longer real name that would eat up a large part of this page to recreate) holds a very special place in my mind and thoughts as much or more than the WPA, desert dam had when I was younger.

The Wat is ancient in a modern sense of the word, it was built in or about 1807; it is (as the travel rags say "conveniently located") within a rather short walking distance from the famous Democracy Monument (and the lessor known memorial to the young martyrs of the 1970's October Revolution) but, it is a lot longer walk from it's more famous brother Wats of the Emerald Buddha and Wat Po.

Wat Suthat stands in silent solitude while waiting on that moment when you have a driving need to address one of those "I need to think about it" moments.

On any day, I can go, sit on any of the Wat's numerous stone benches which were placed in great number in the equally numerous shaded portions of the temple and let the world wash over me.

Other than the current construction work, there is a real sense of silence that wraps around you and always allows you the ability to just let your mind go blank.

Emil

ZEN & WAT SUTHAT

This is only possible here because, it costs is 100 Baht (about three dollars USD) to get in and this explains why most people have never heard of it, availability of parking (lack of) is an insider's joke here at the Wat (wink...wink) and (as of now) the mass armada of the billions of "Zero Baht" Chinese Tours have yet to find a way to invade this quiet Wat.

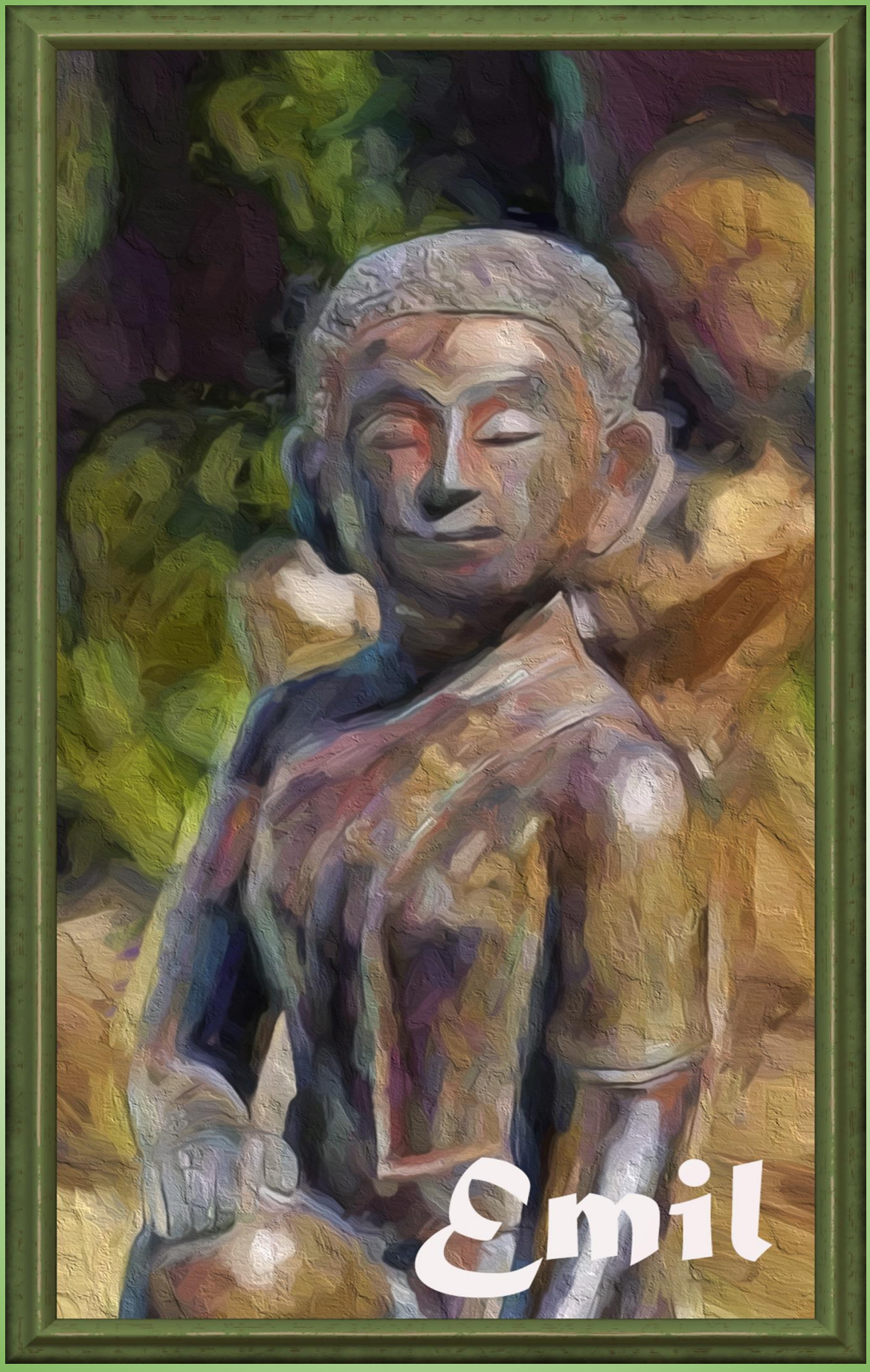
This is where I always go while in Bangkok for more than a day and I can do all of the "I need to think about" thinking that I want to do without interruption by the massive army of loud, offensive, screaming tourists that you will find endlessly at any of the city's other Wats.

"Be dually warned,
this Wat can be and is very addictive...!"

For me, it works and I am greedily, grateful that their economic misfortune allows me these scared rights and freedoms. Not that they don't try!

They have just opened this very lovely herbal tea, coffee shop in the back part of the Wat that is run by very friendly group of Wat Sponsors but, they have ignored my repeat encouagement for them to join the 21st Century of Wat Management and open a nifty gift shop as have all of the bigger Wats have here in Bangkok.

For the sightseer, This Wat is unusual in that there is a "Cosmic Layout" and for you Wat jeeks, it is meant to be symbolic representation of Mount Sumeru – which was the sacred mountain existing


Emil

ZEN & WAT SUTHAT

For the touristy sightseer(s), this Wat is unusual in that there is a “Cosmic Layout” to its original design and for all of you Wat Geeks out there:

“The Wat is meant to be a symbolic representation of Mount Sumeru – you know...that is a sacred mountaintop which is very conveniently located down in the center of our universe and is equally well noted as to where the god Indra owns an extensive amount of residential property on the island’s northern coast and it has been reported that Indra has a rather large villa on the mountain’s top.”

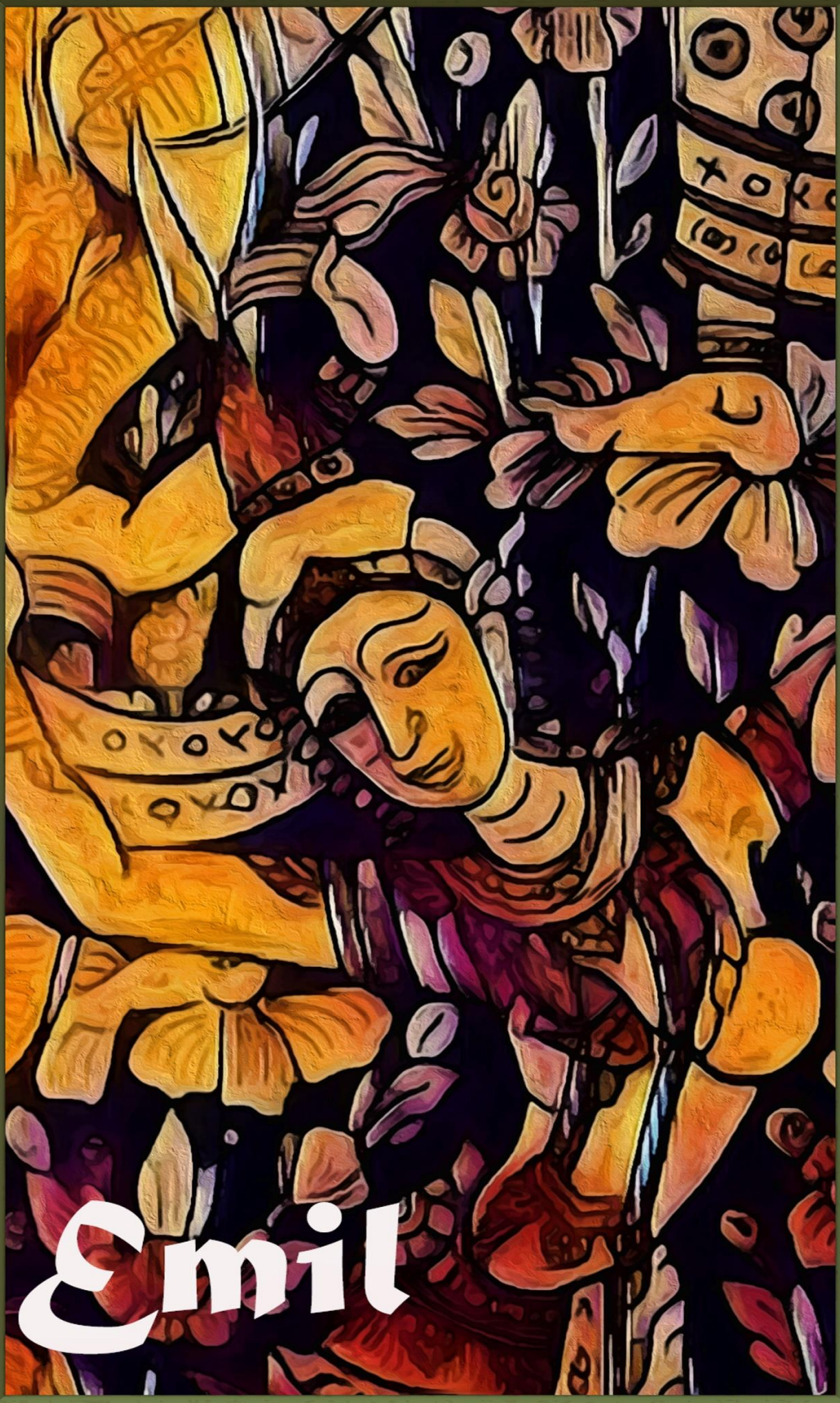
Neat, Uhh?

Even though the site is currently under construction, the main chapels remain open and they actively hold services serval times per day.

The walls of the chapels are rich in turn of the 19th century (or older) murals but, they are in a very sad state of repair (lack of).

To me this should be a high priority as most are so faded that they are (now) but faded blobs of color. This is a shame and I am saddened to see history actually being erased right before my eyes. I do shed a tear at this cultural loss!

I was told that they agree but, to restore these murals (that line every wall) is a very expensive venture and the proper restoration of 19th Century Mural is almost a lost art – they said “...just ask the Wat that tried and the artist added “Star War” and “Power Rangers” and other modern character images to all of their traditional murals.”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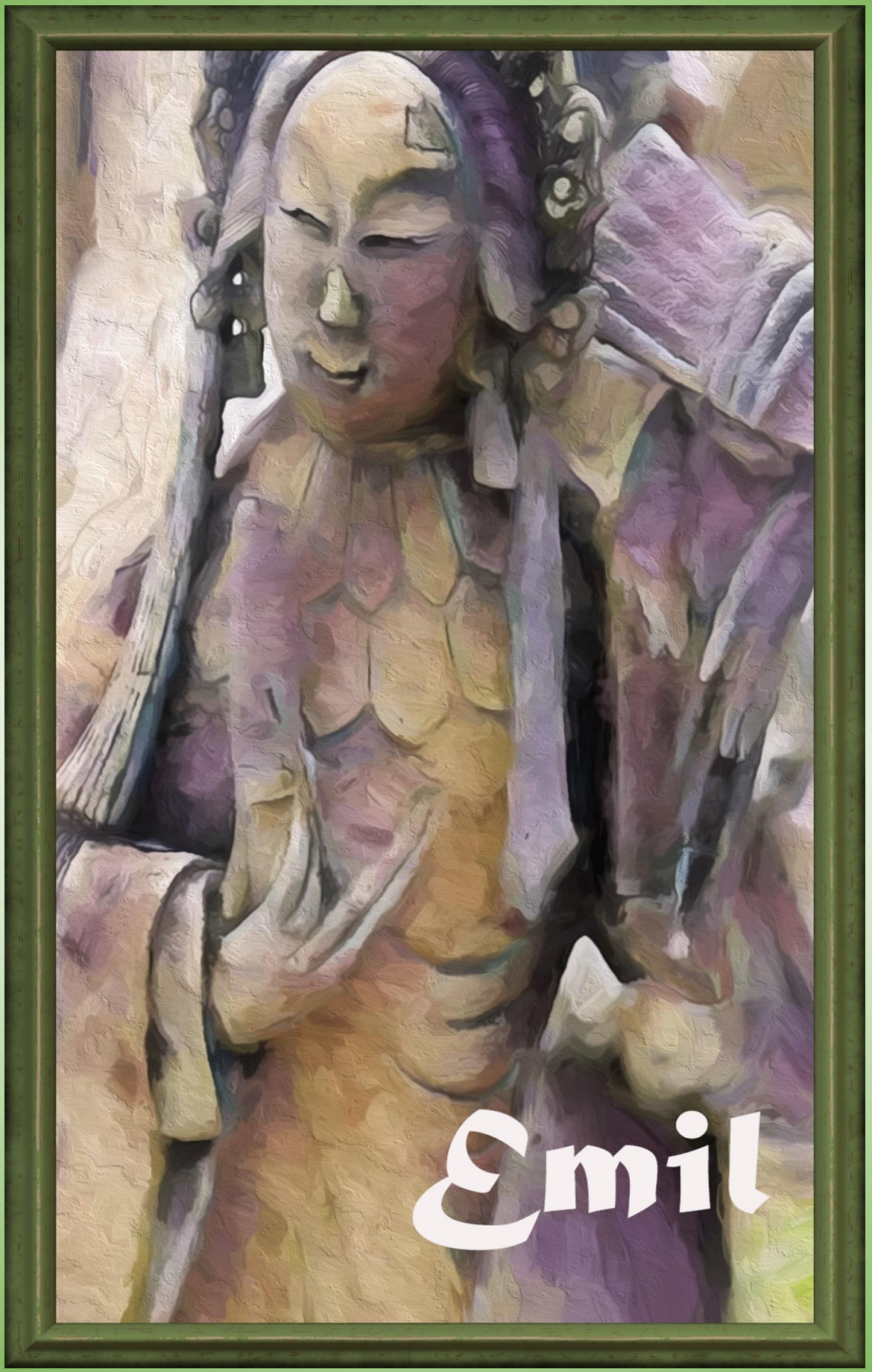
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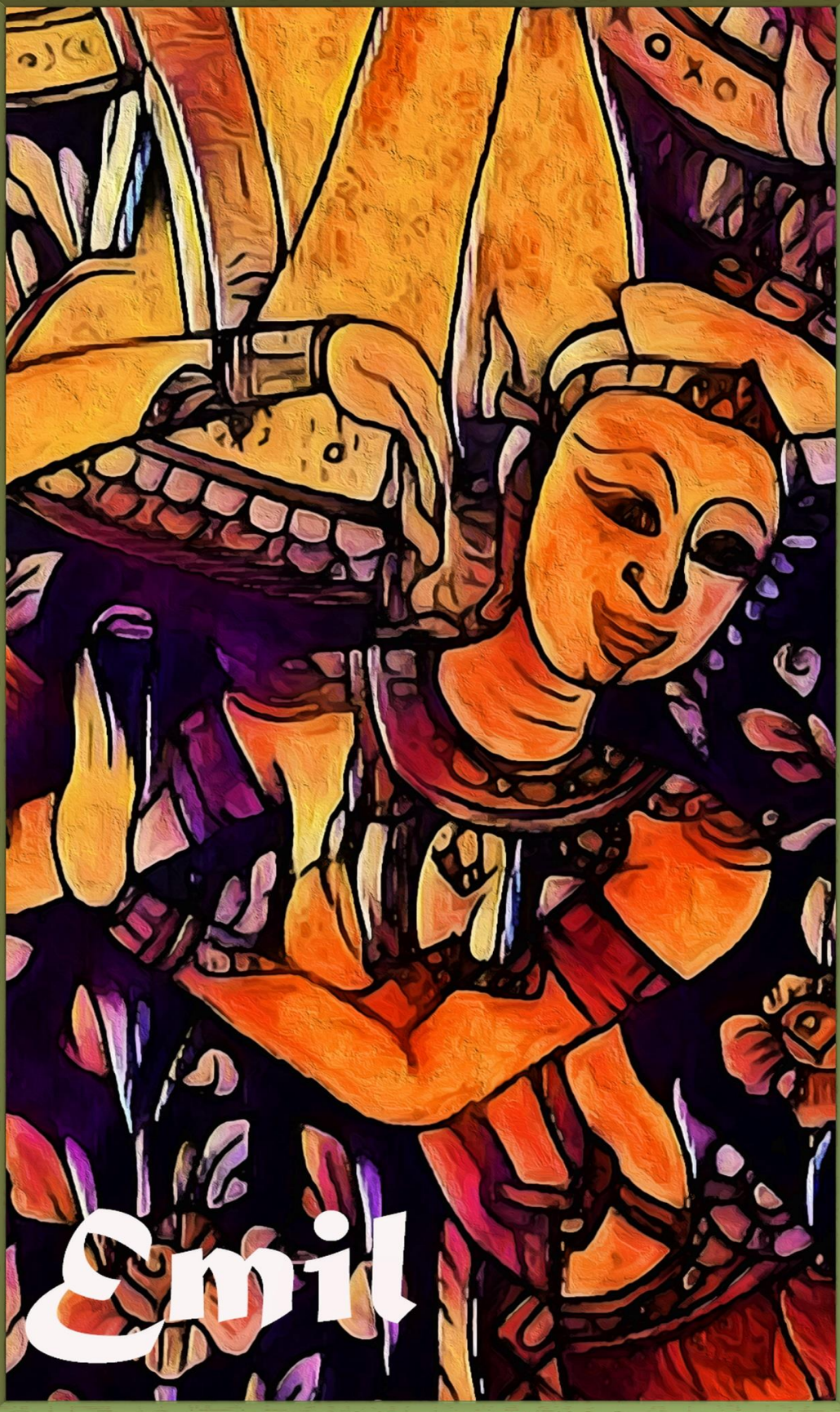
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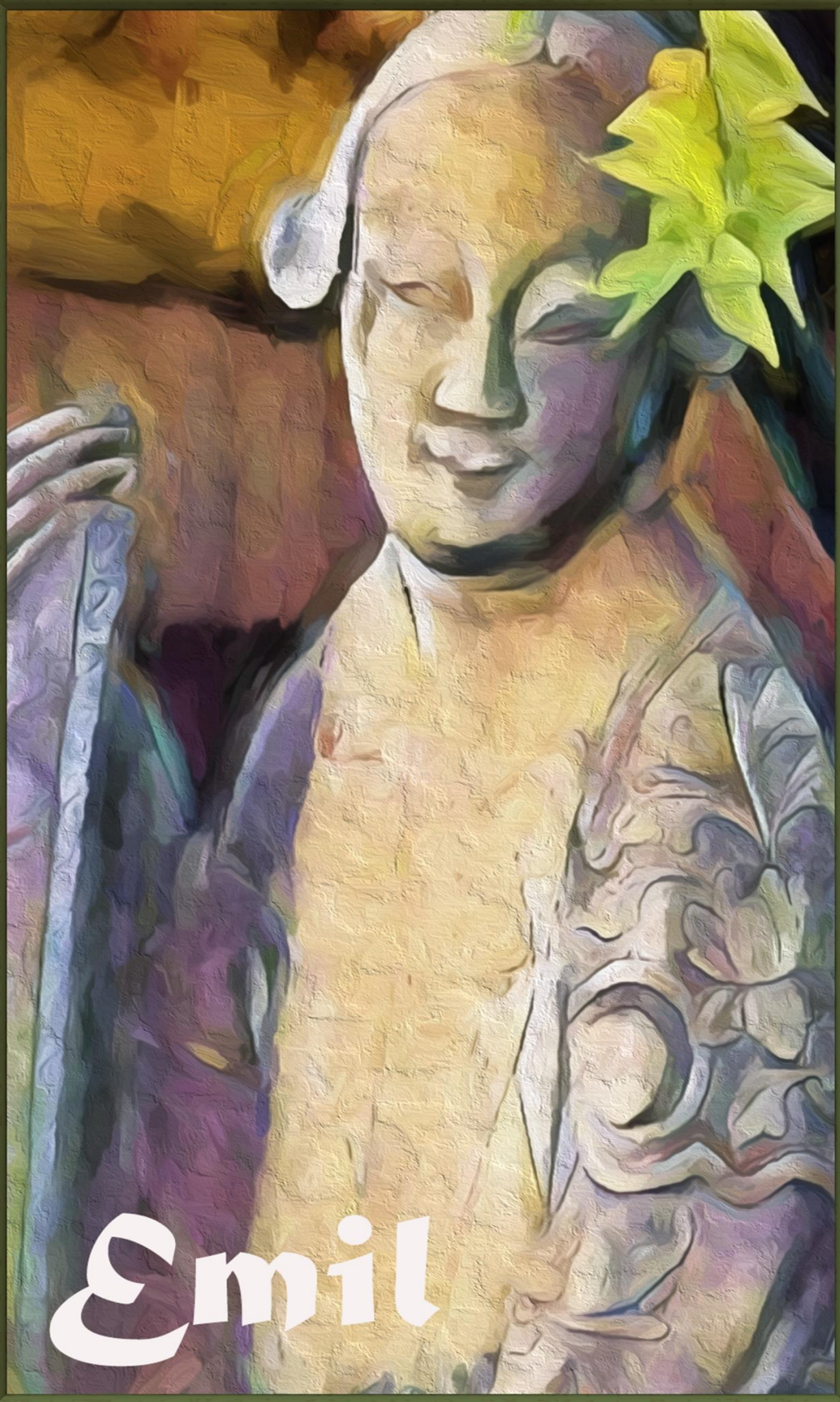
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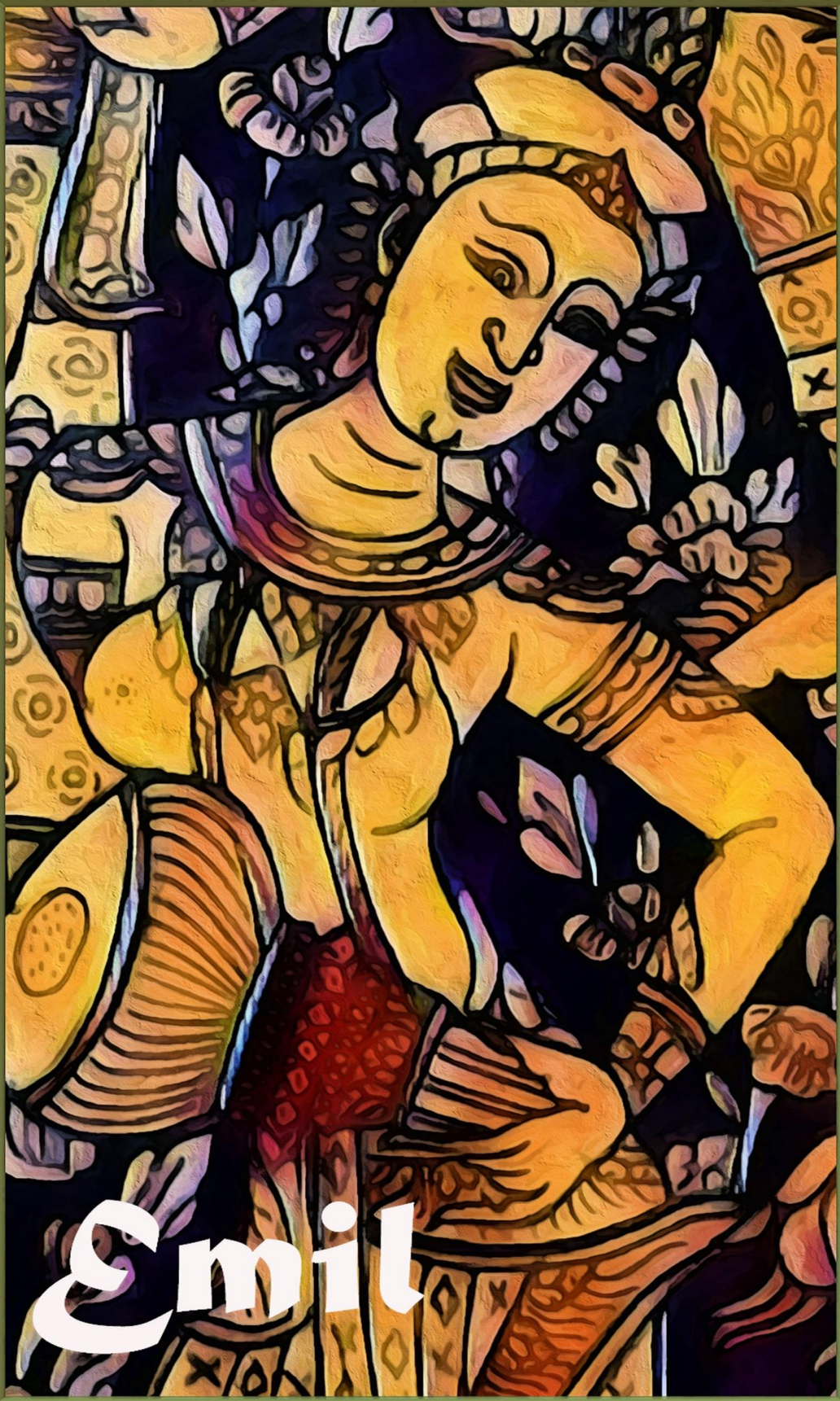
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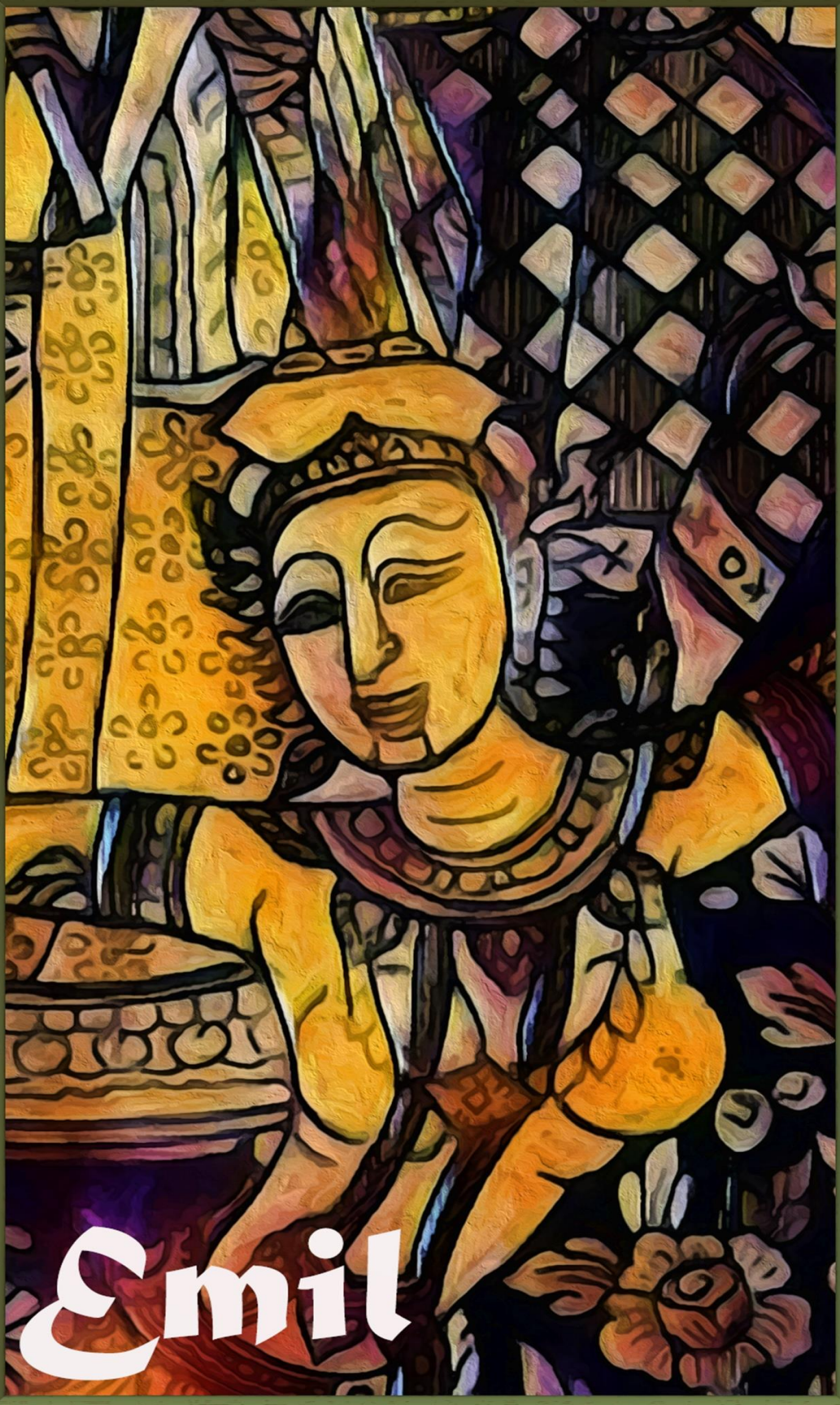
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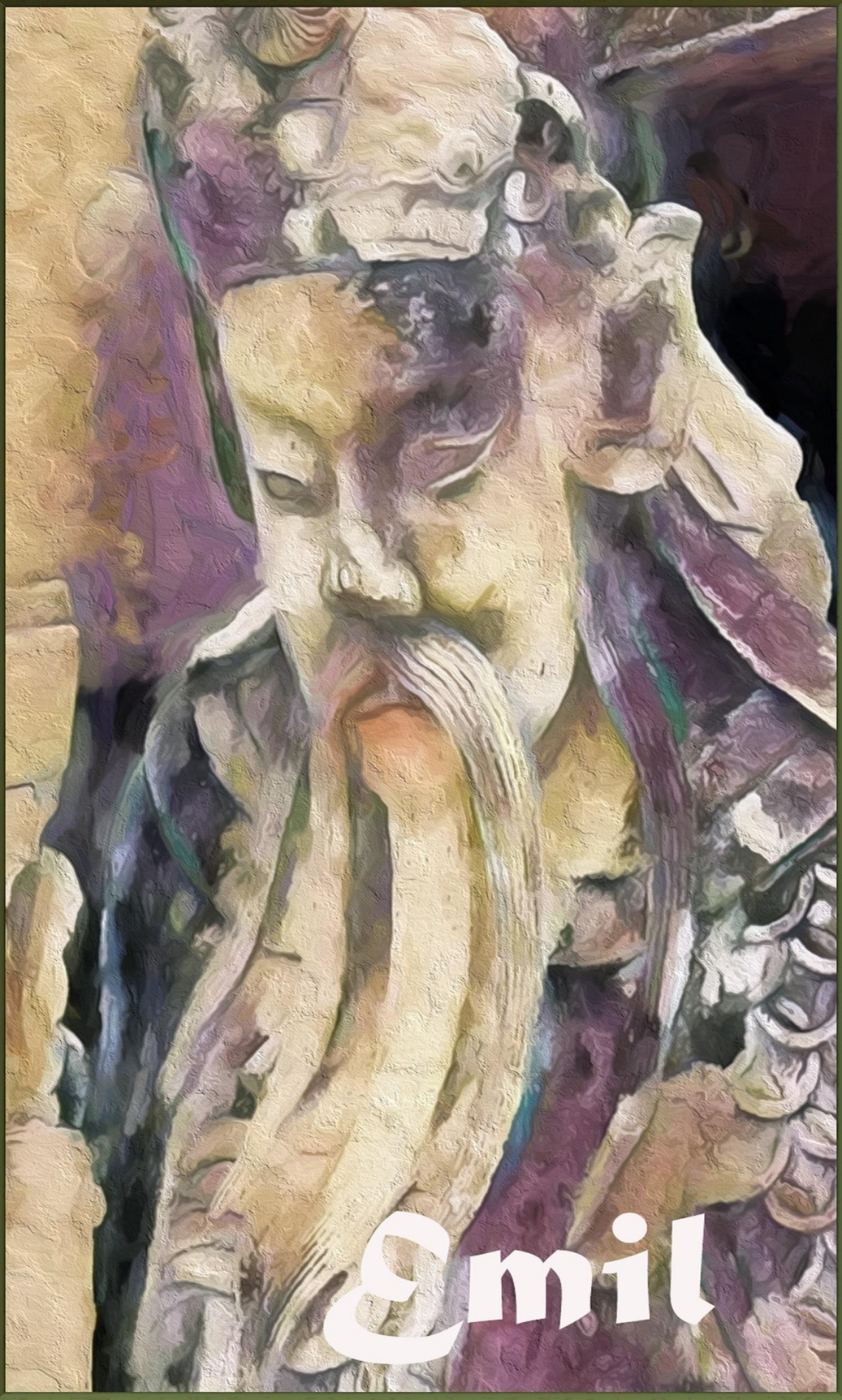
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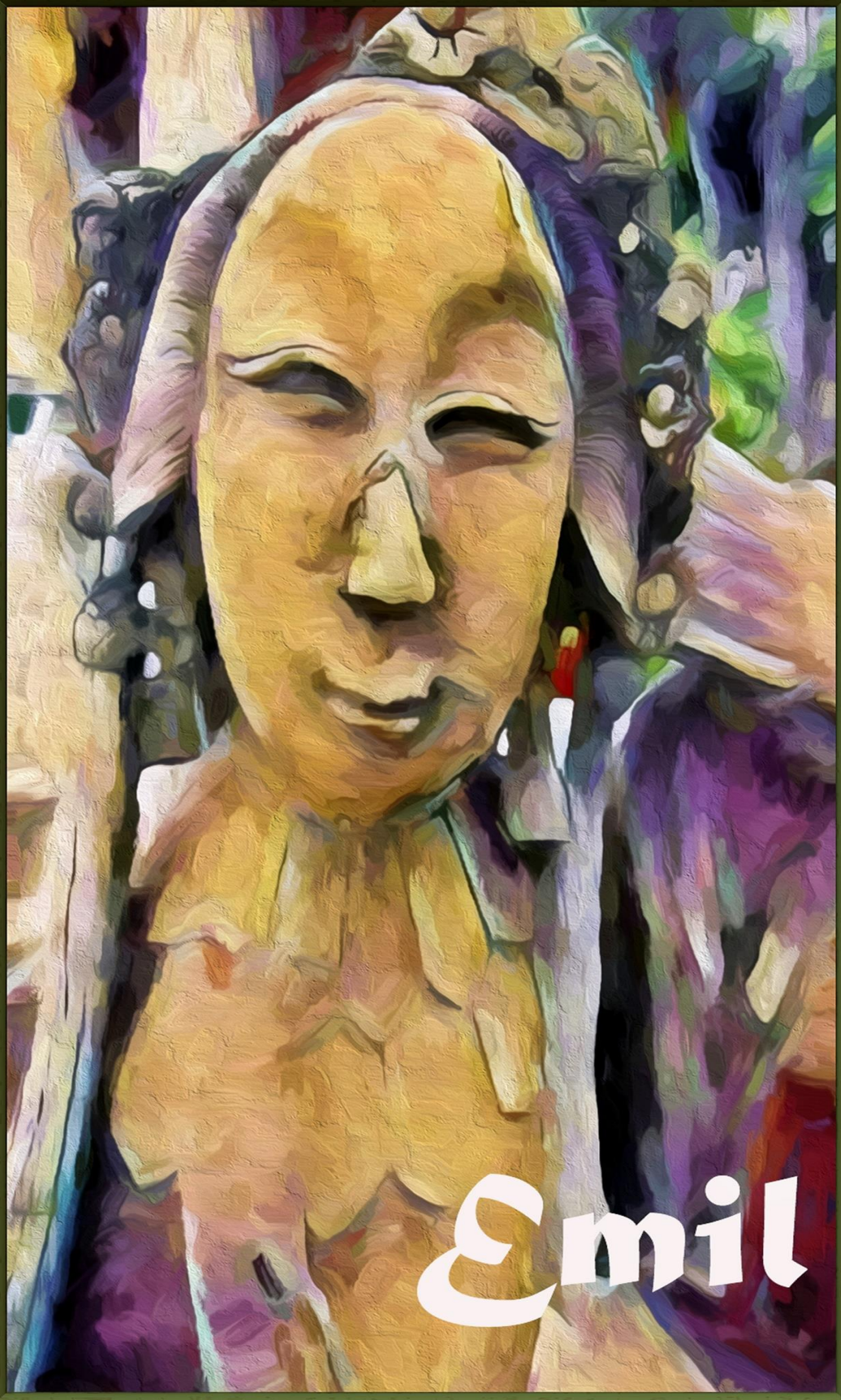
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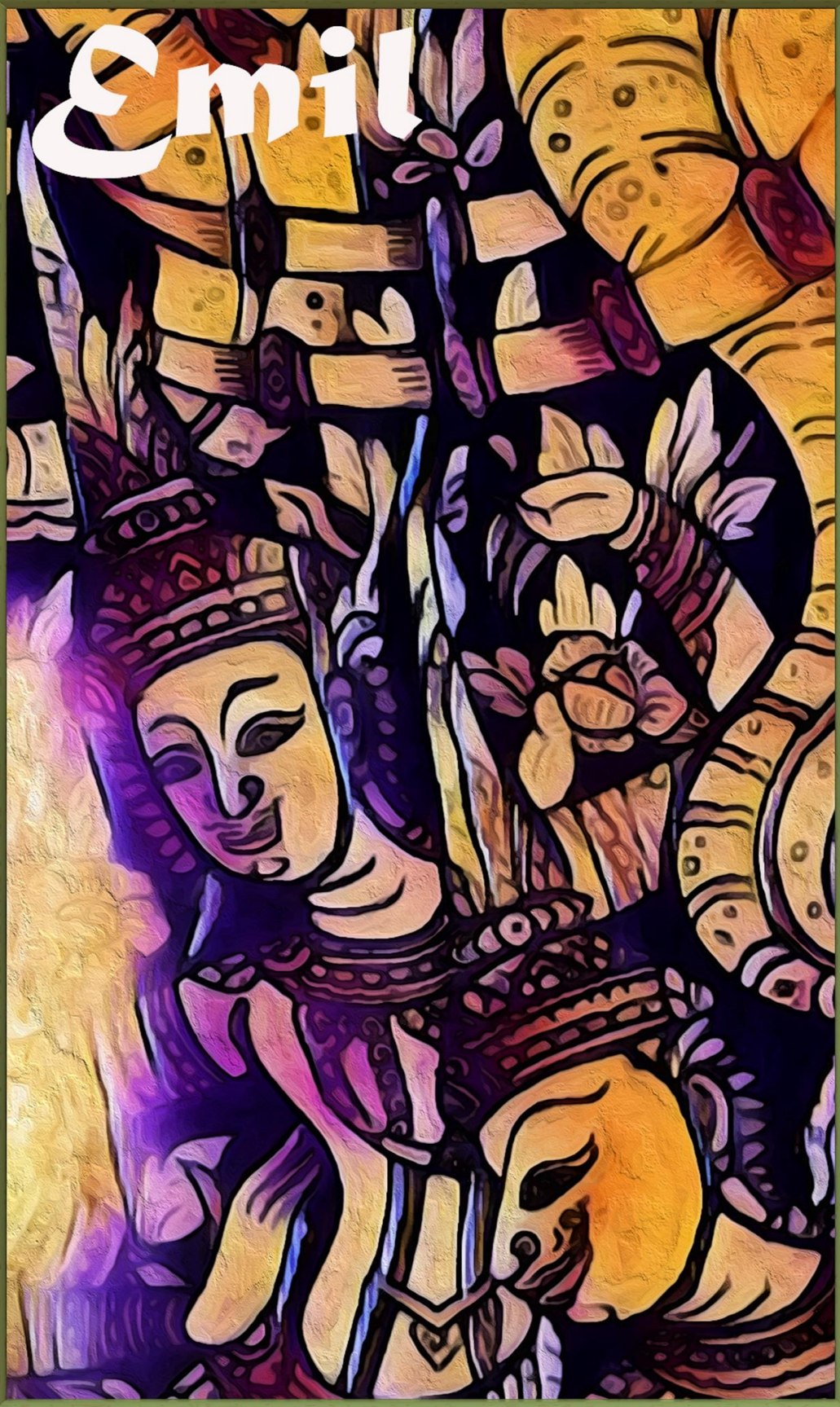
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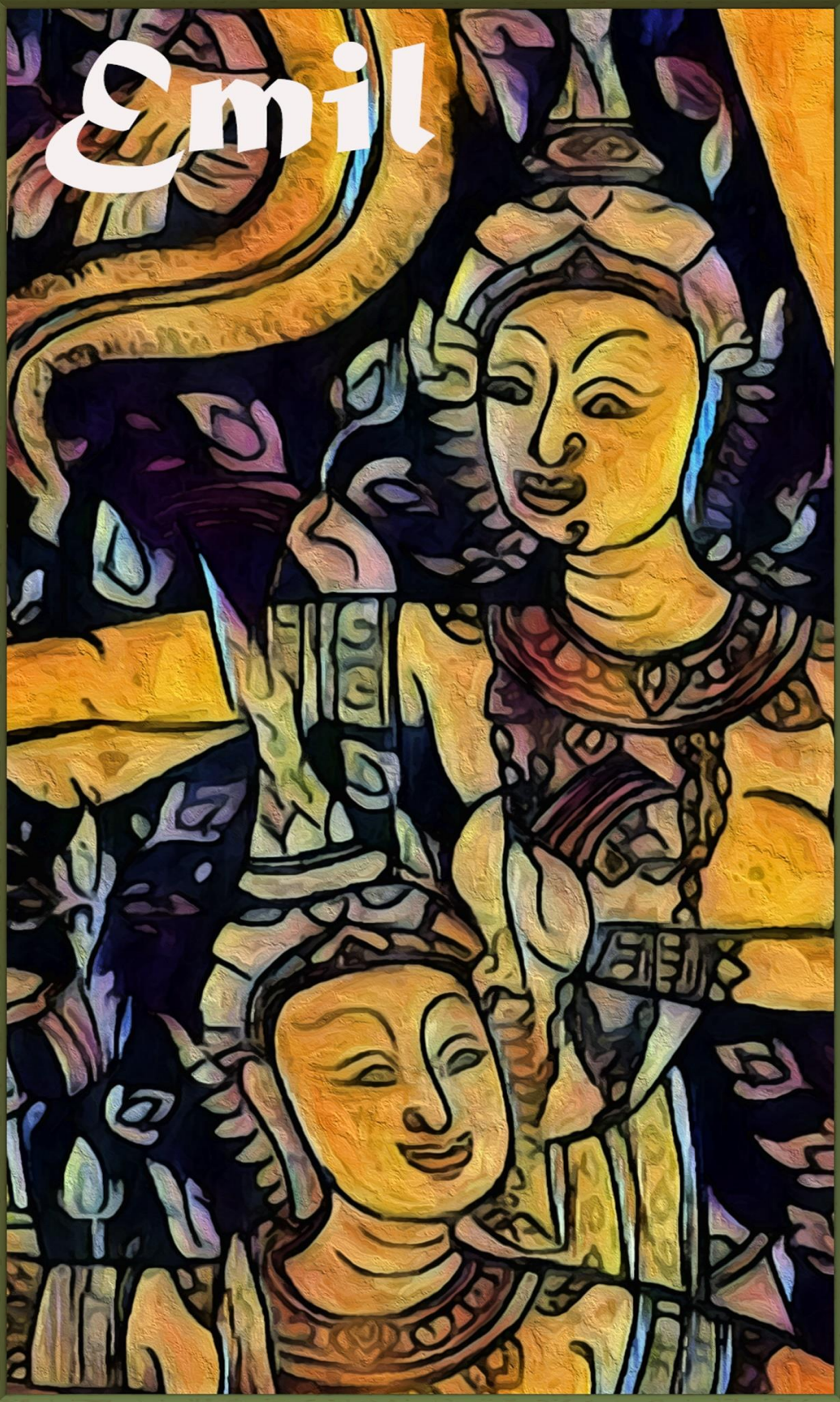
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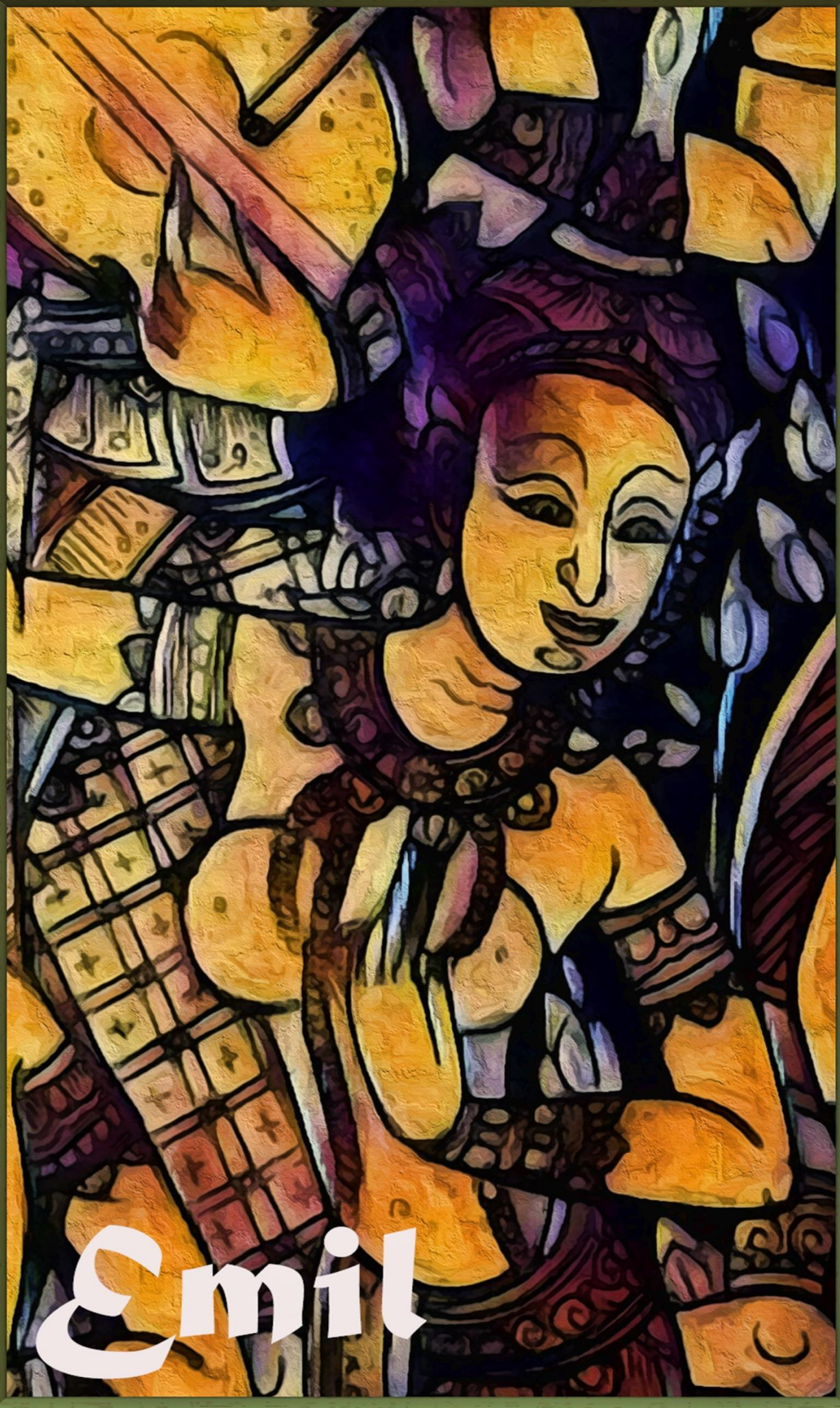
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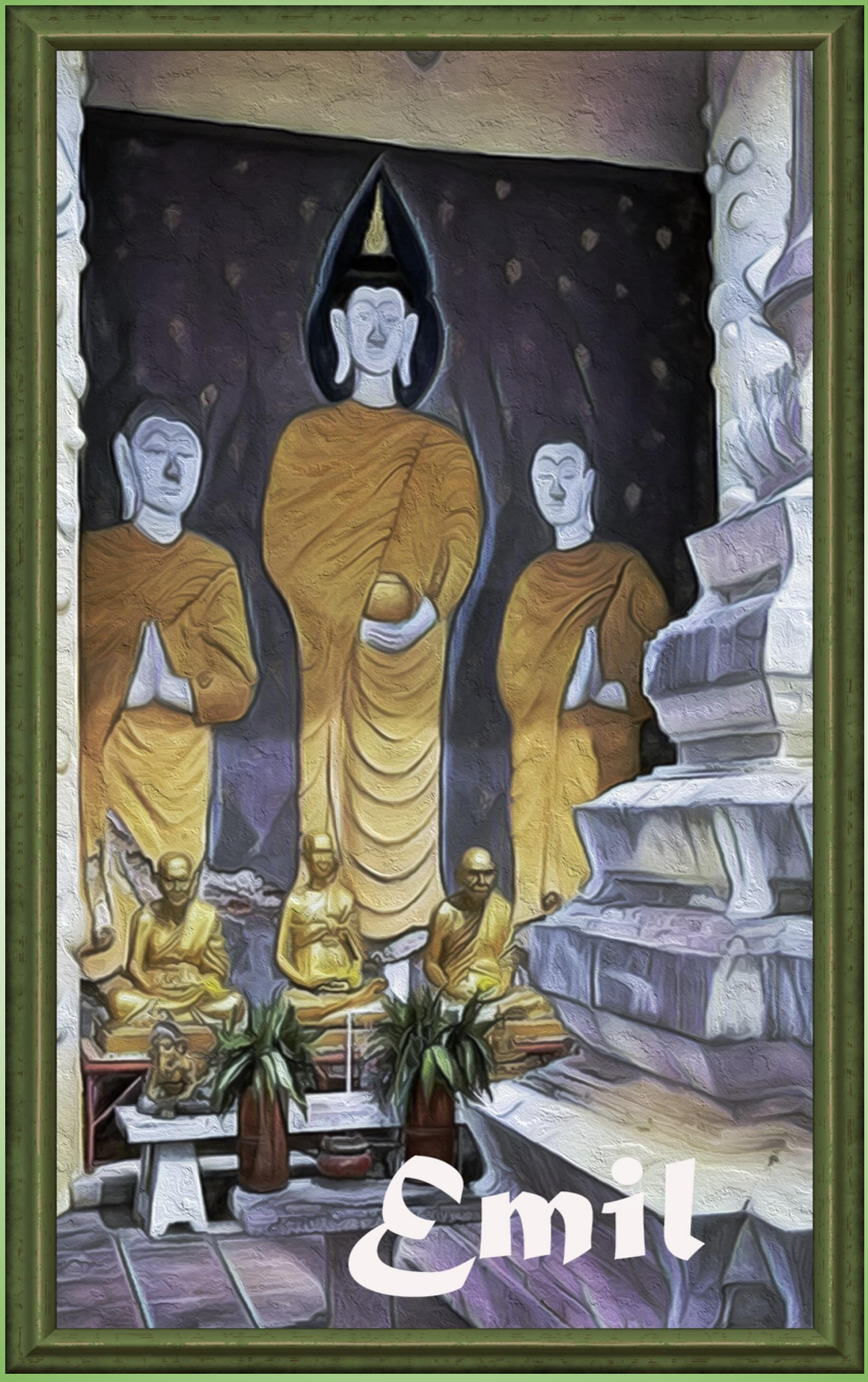
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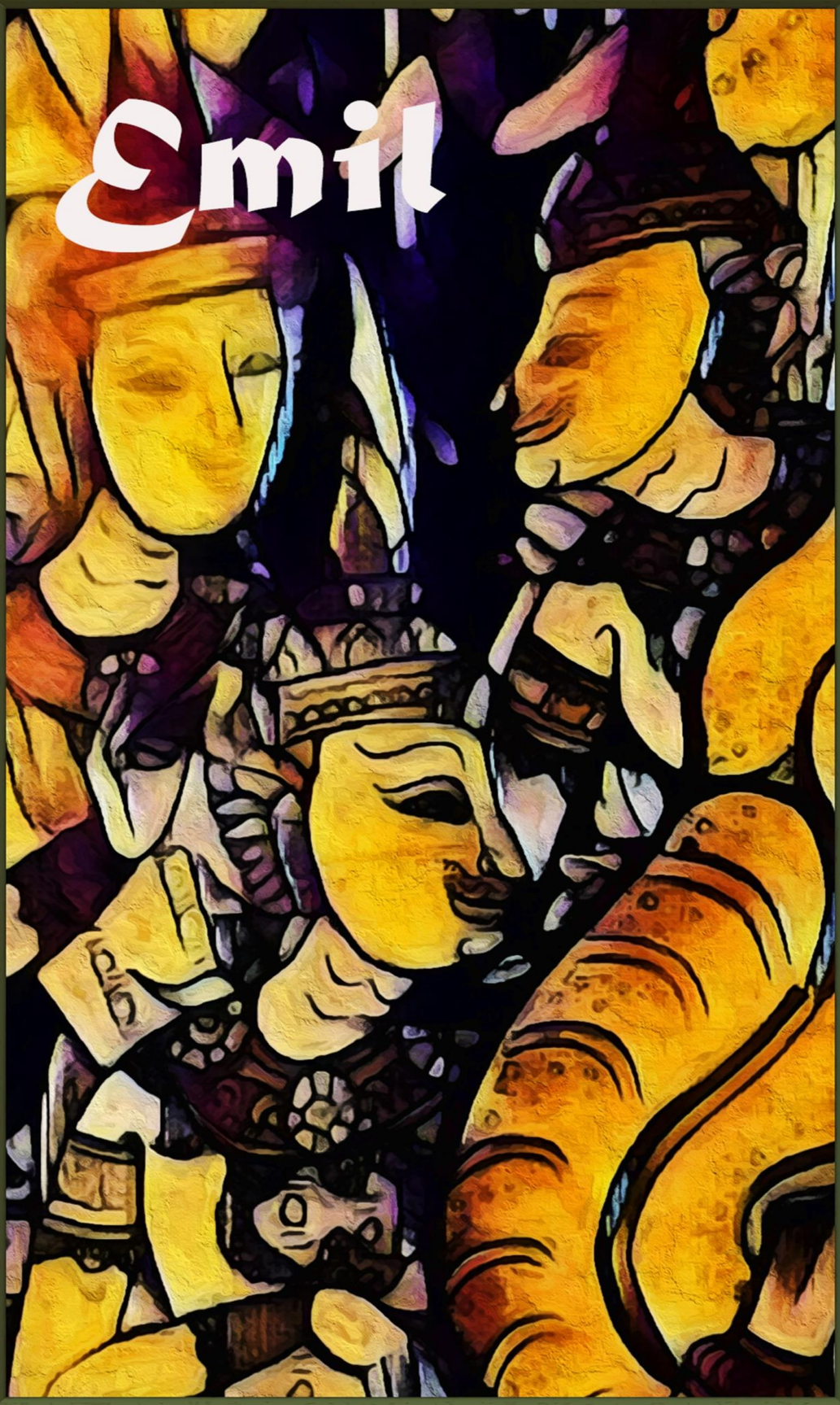
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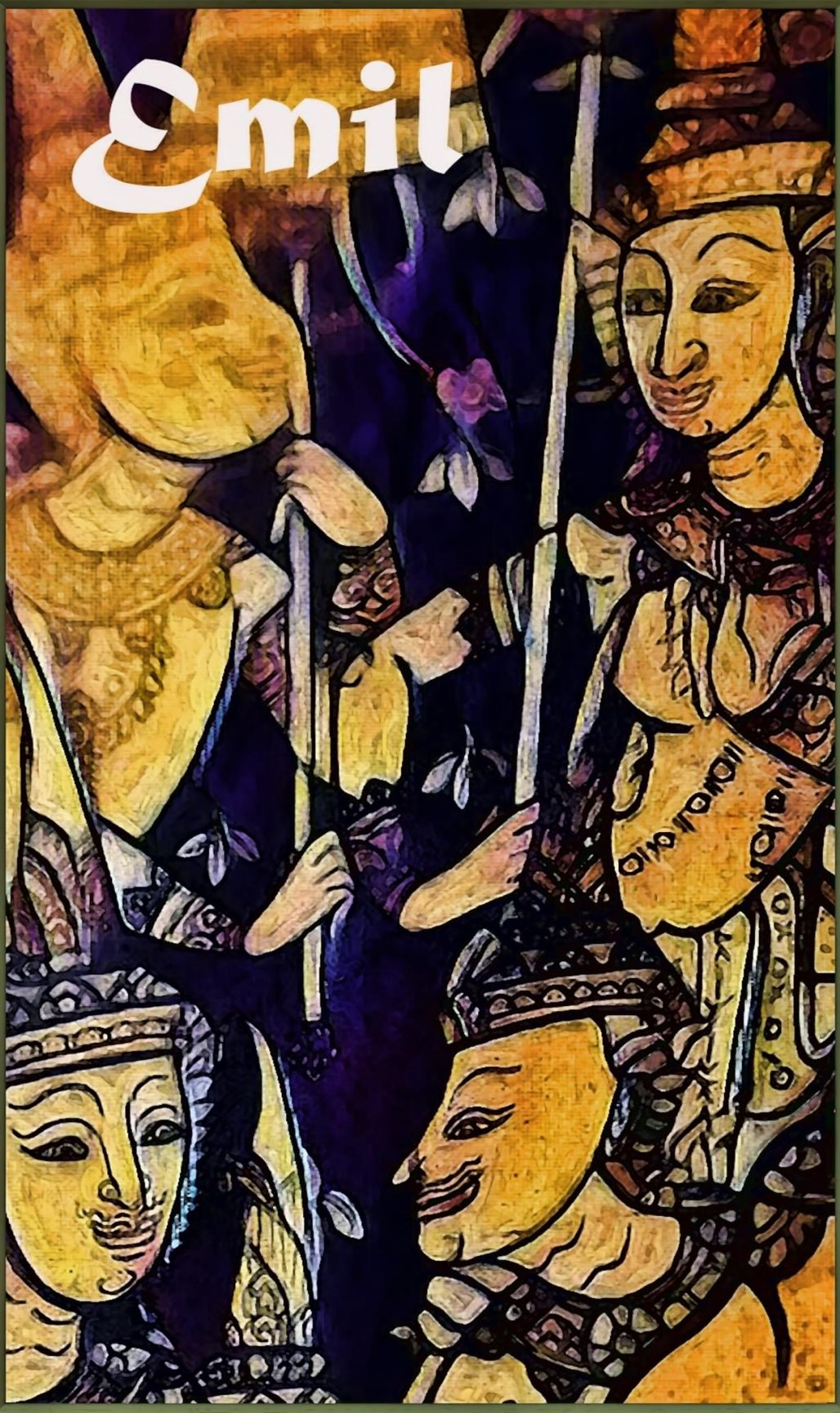
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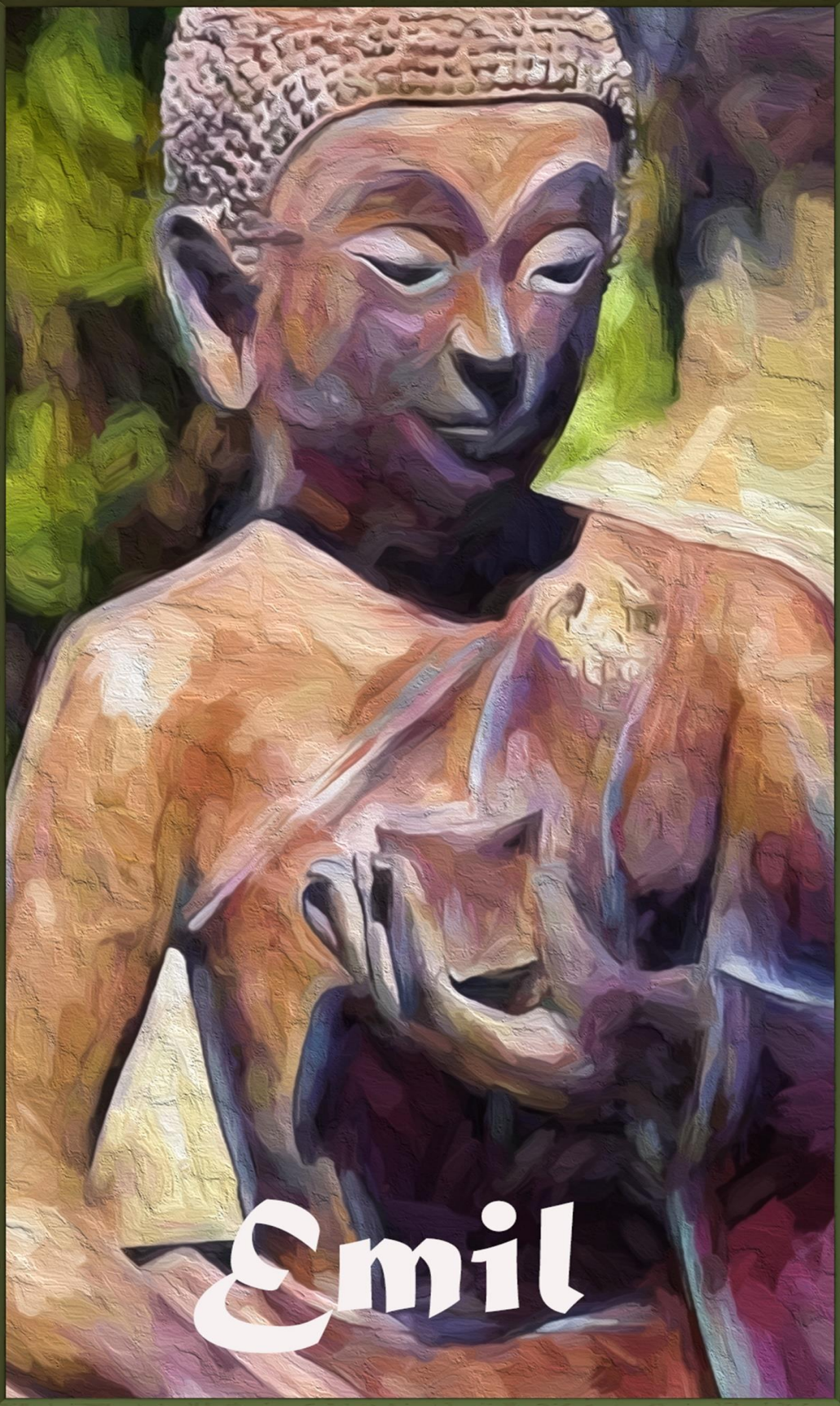
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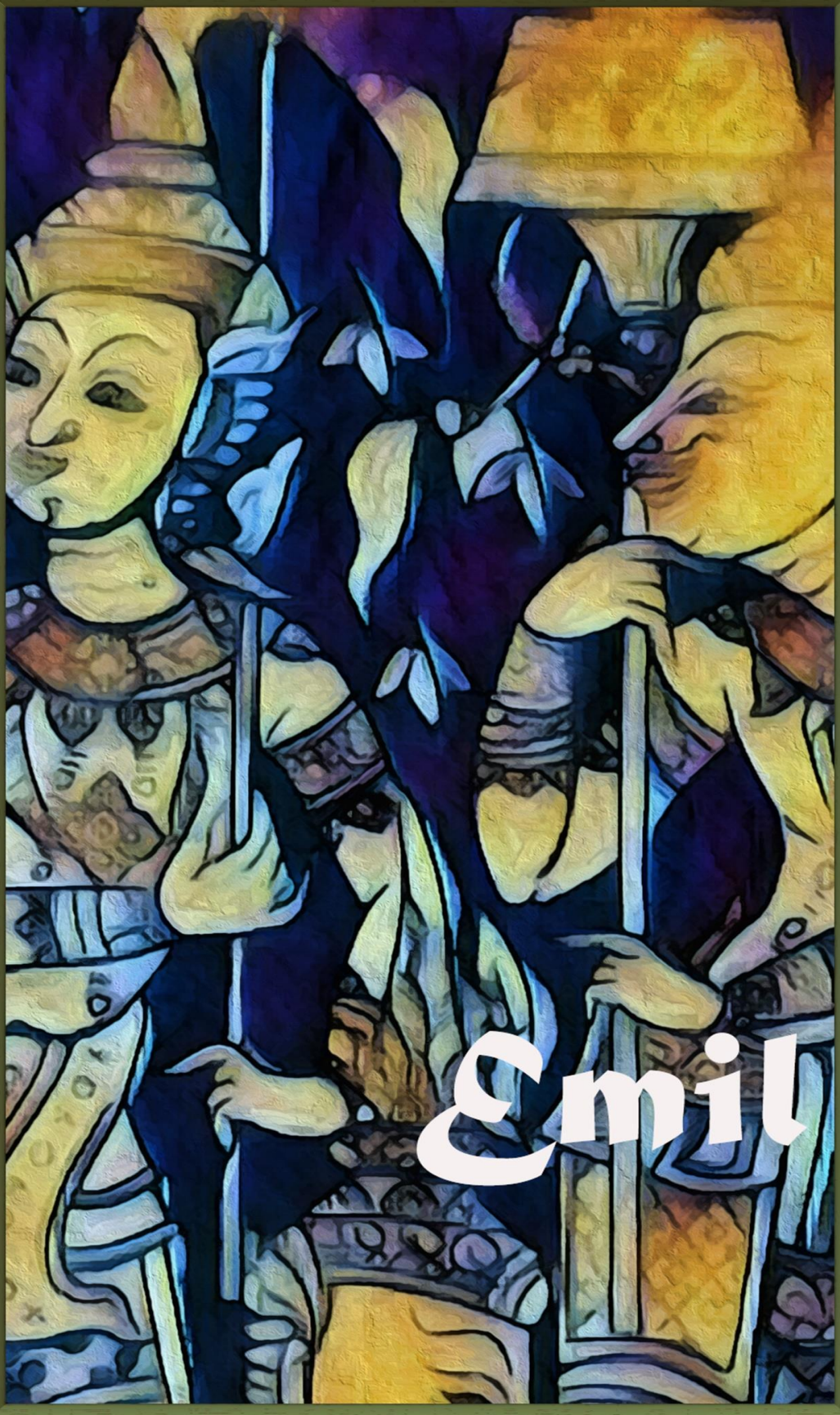
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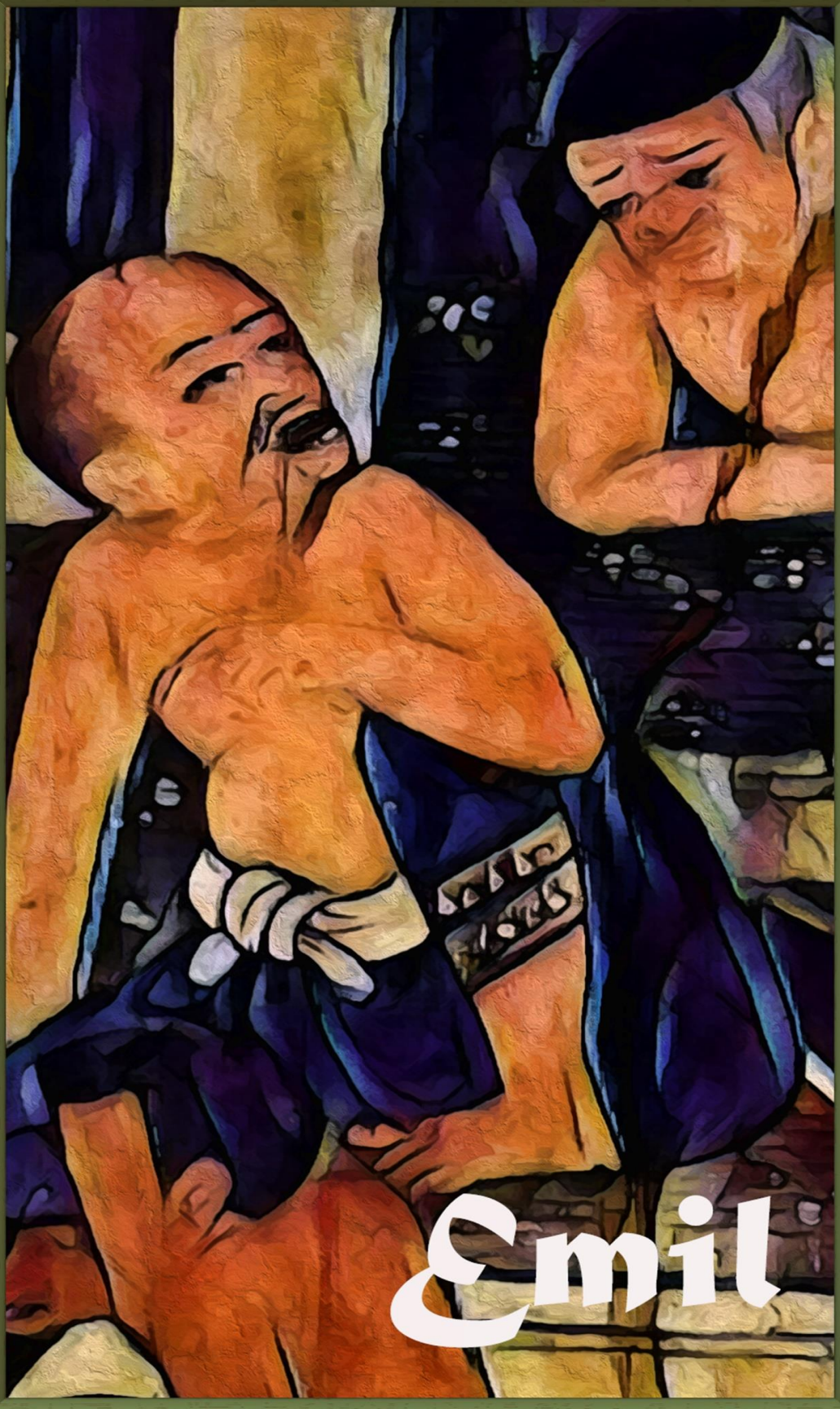
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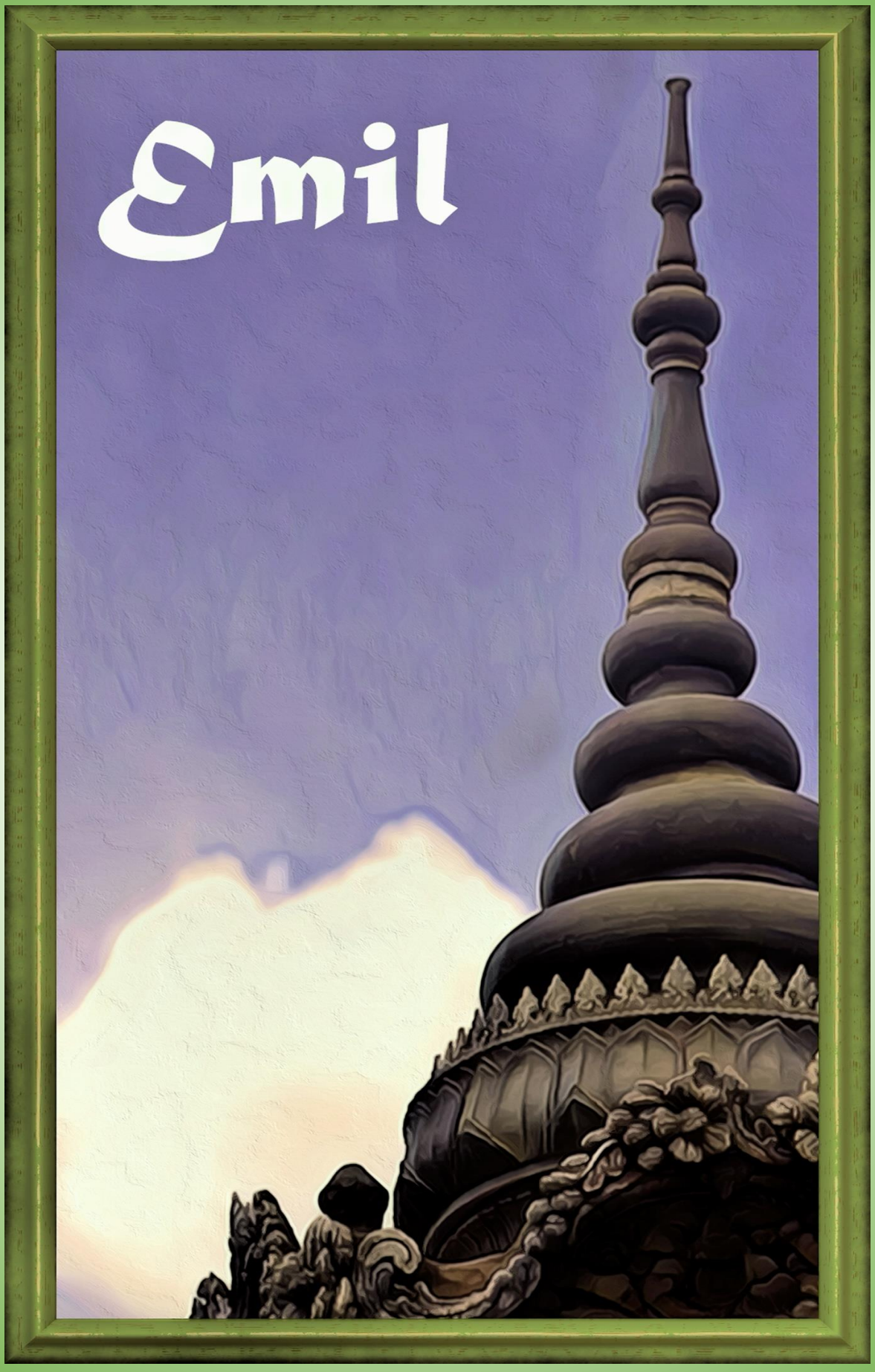
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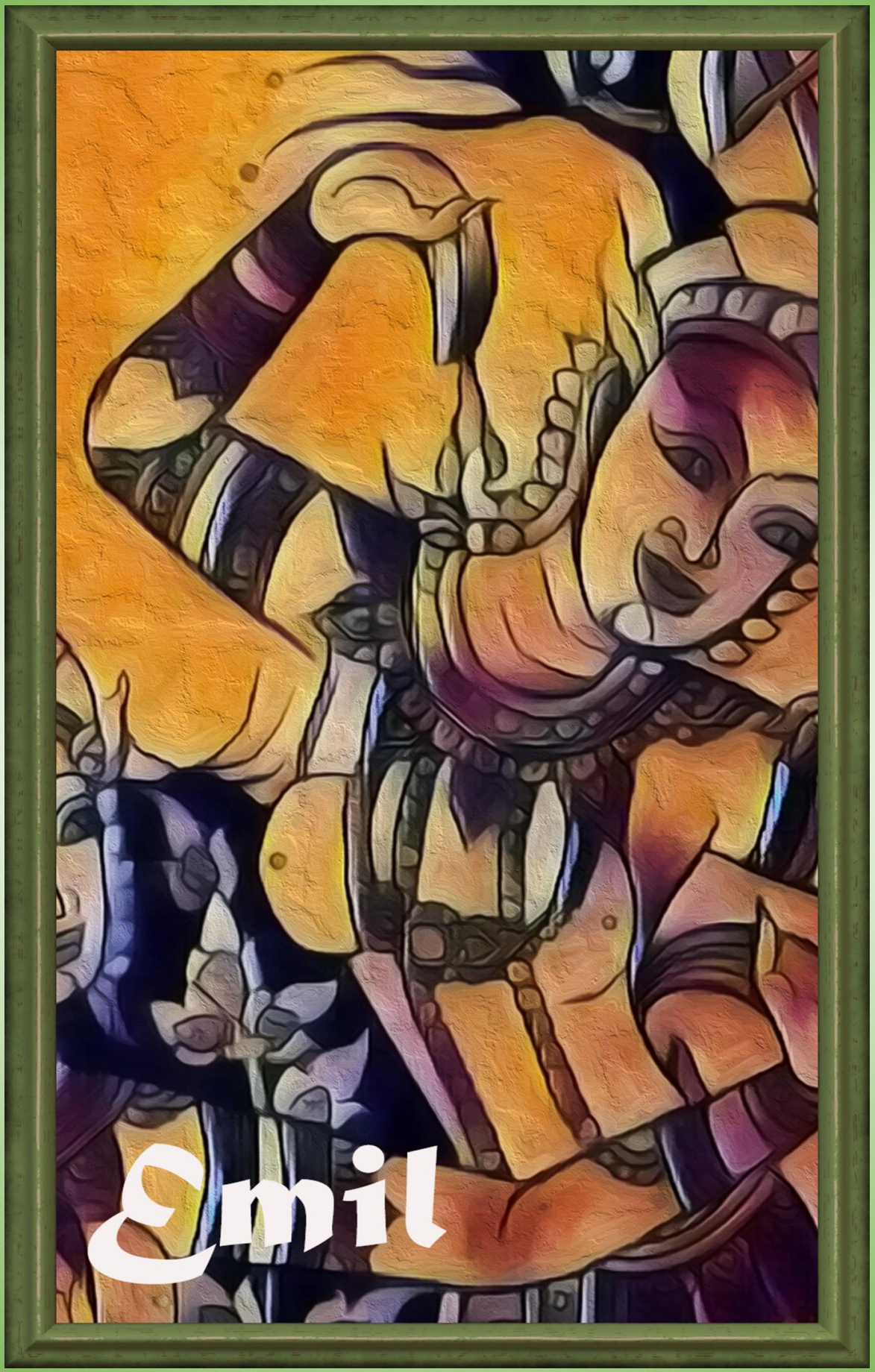
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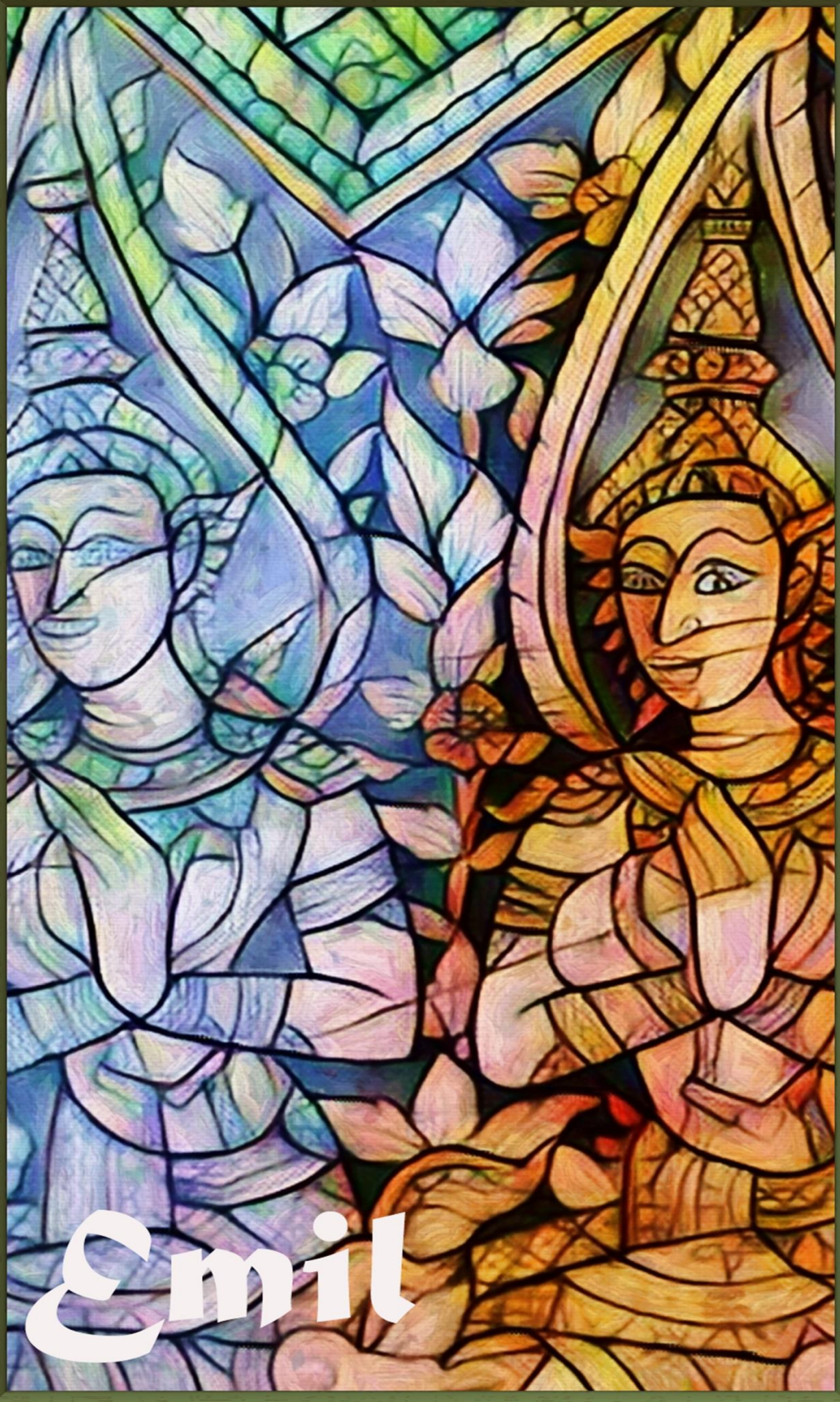
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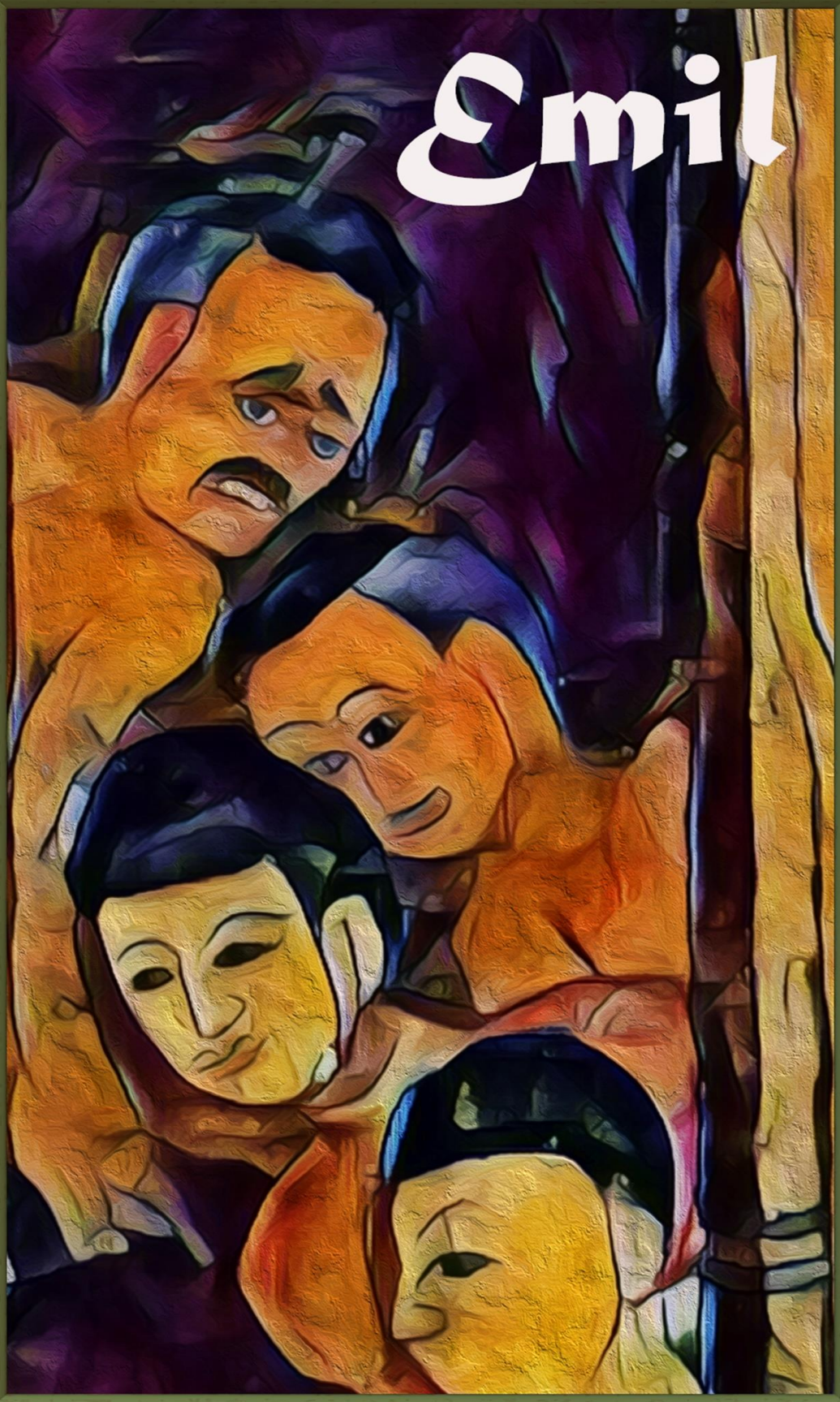
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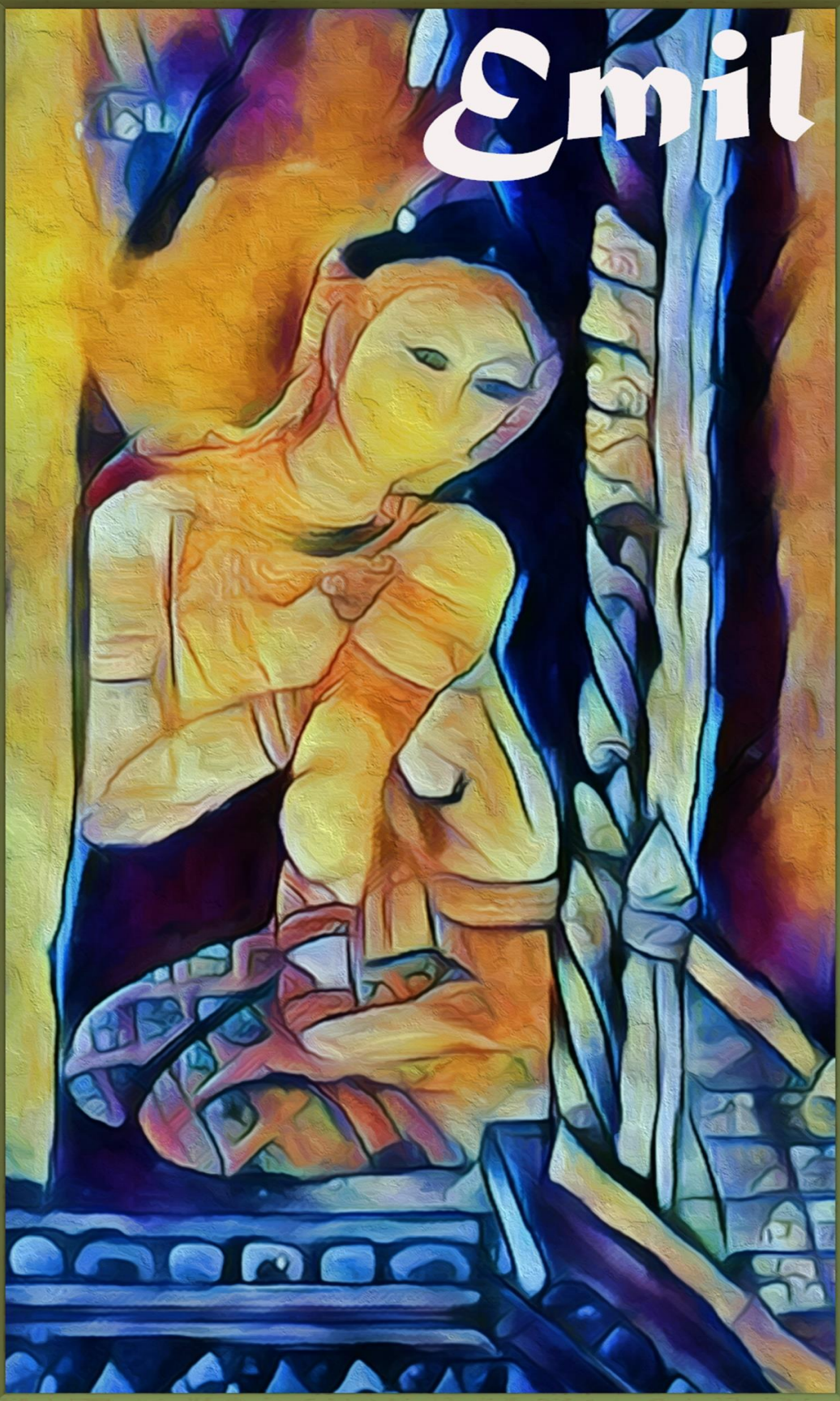
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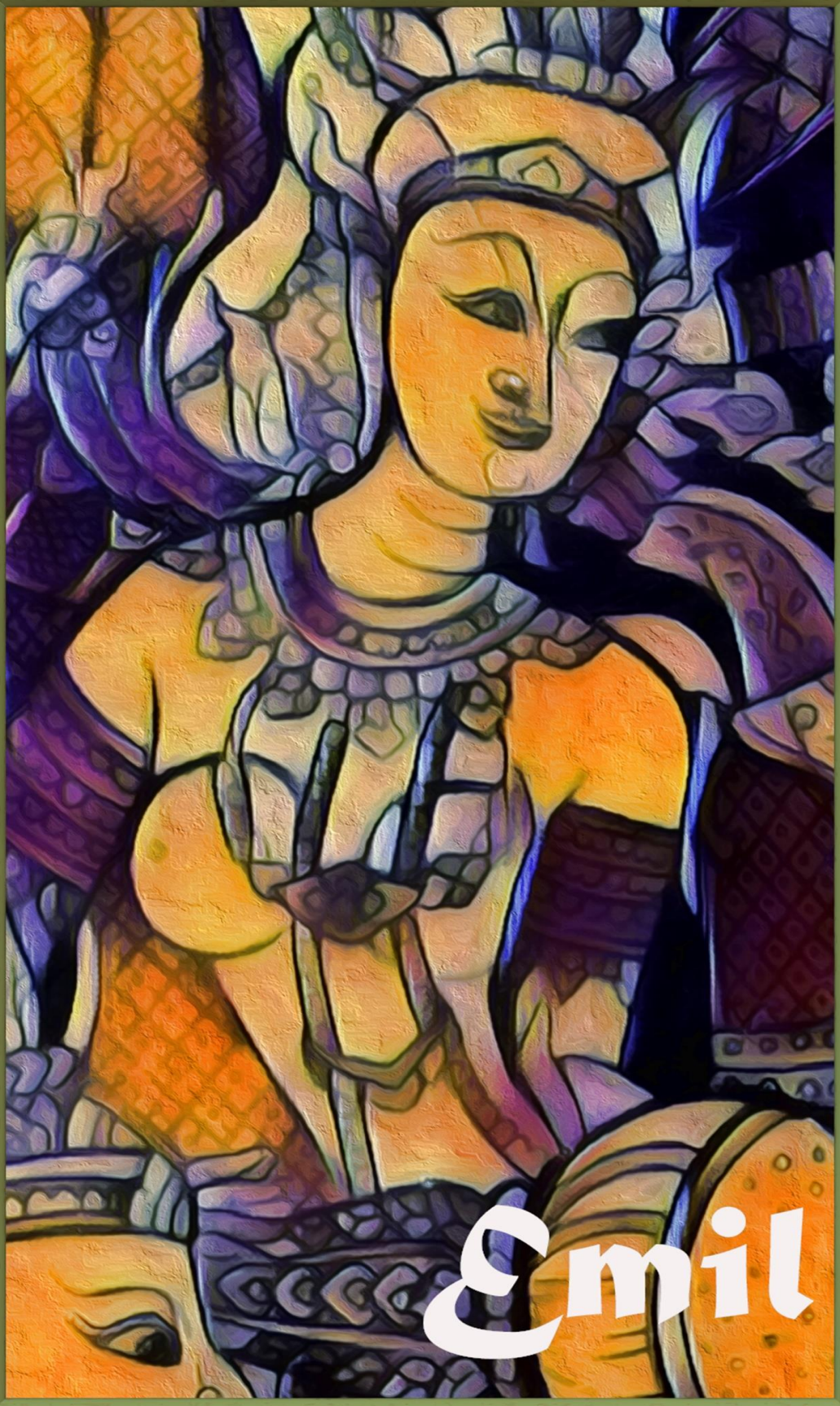
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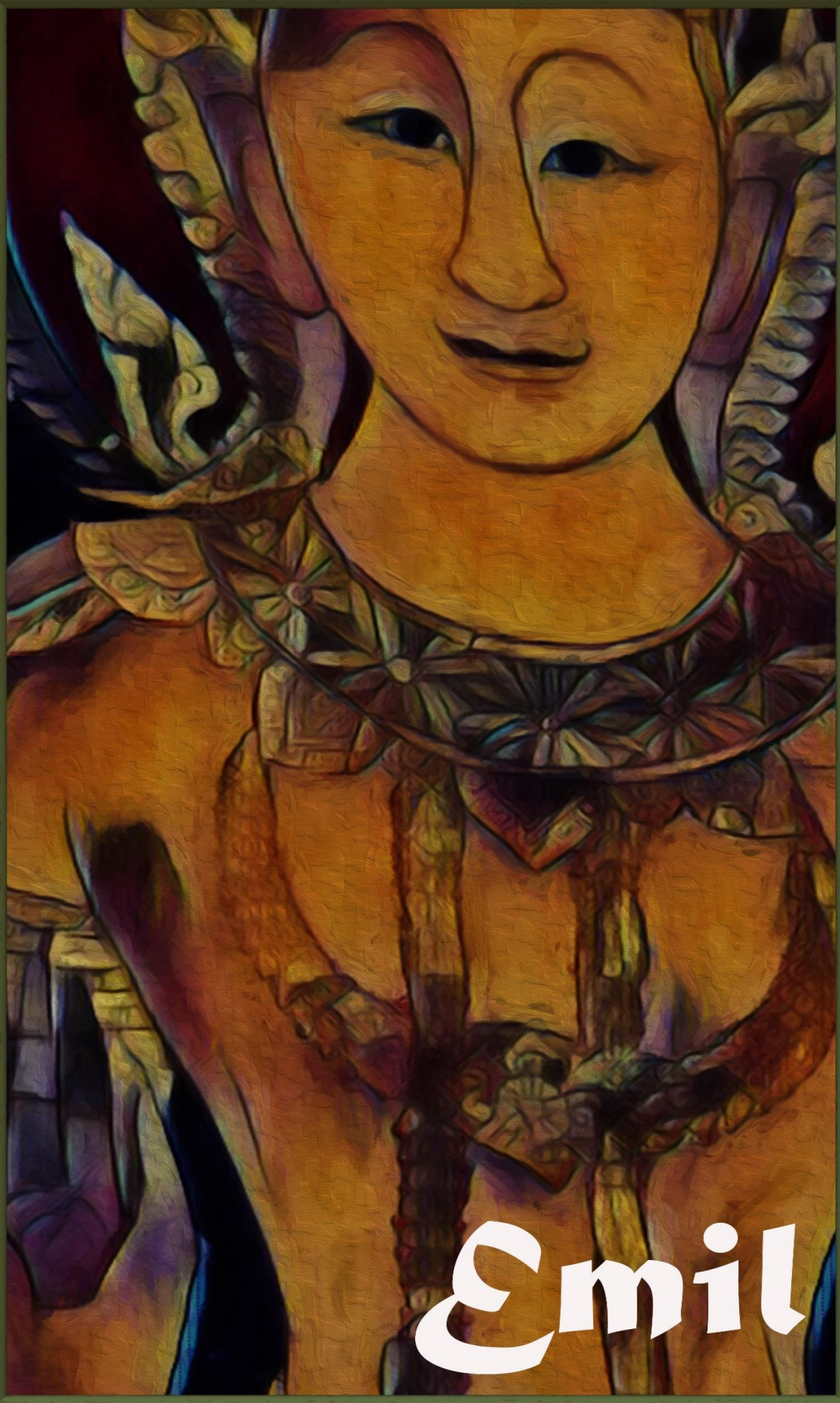
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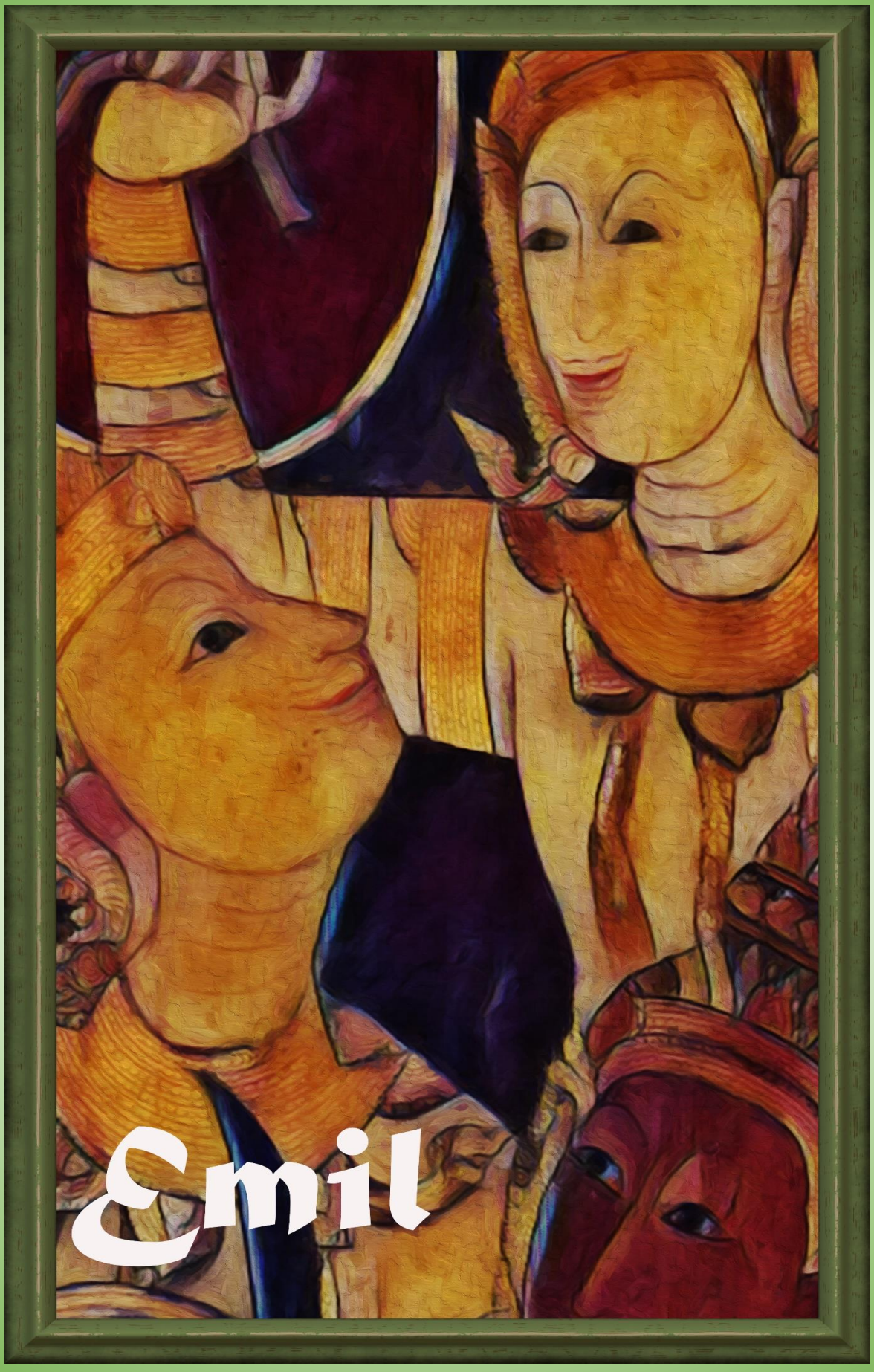
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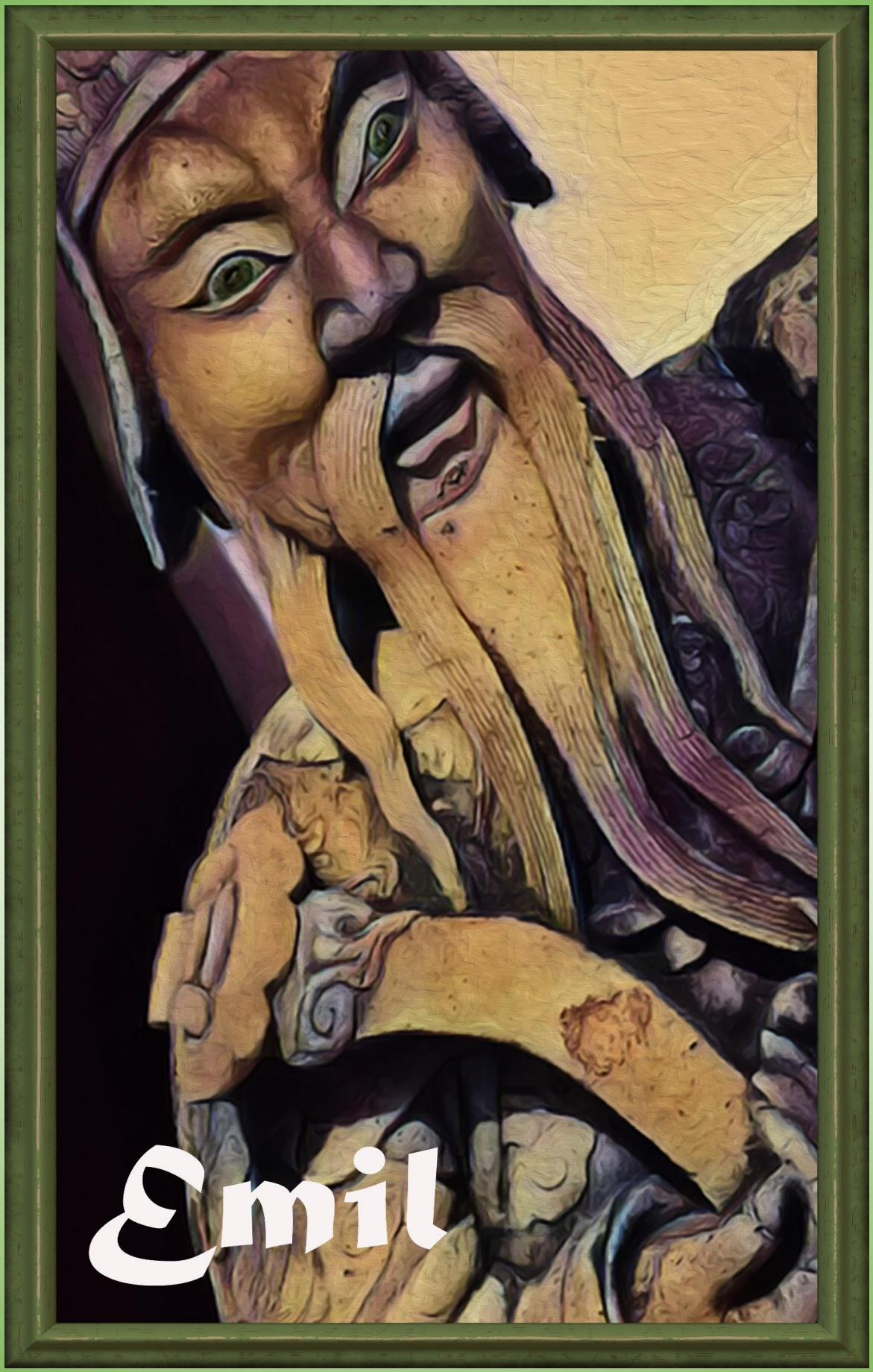
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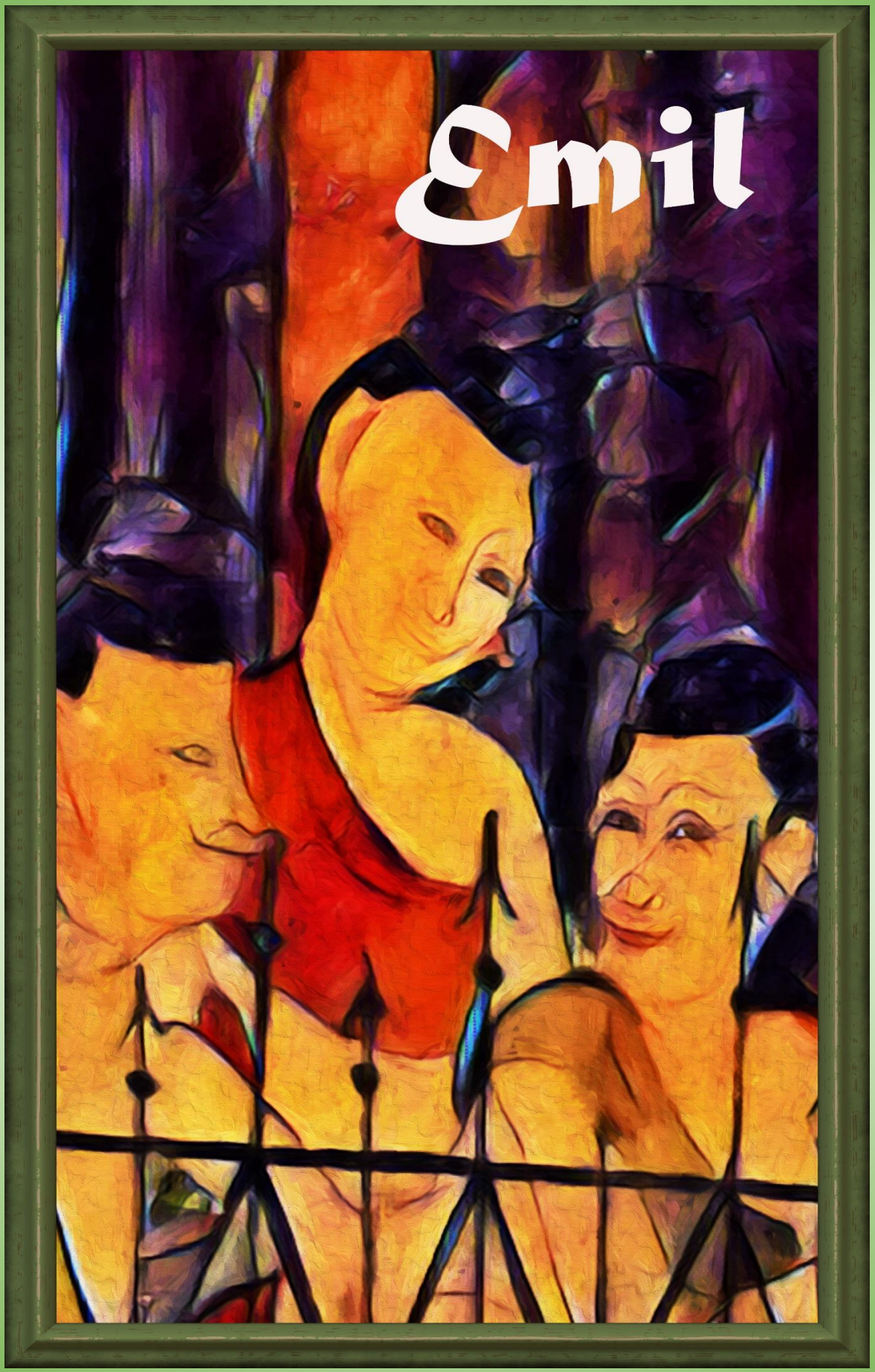
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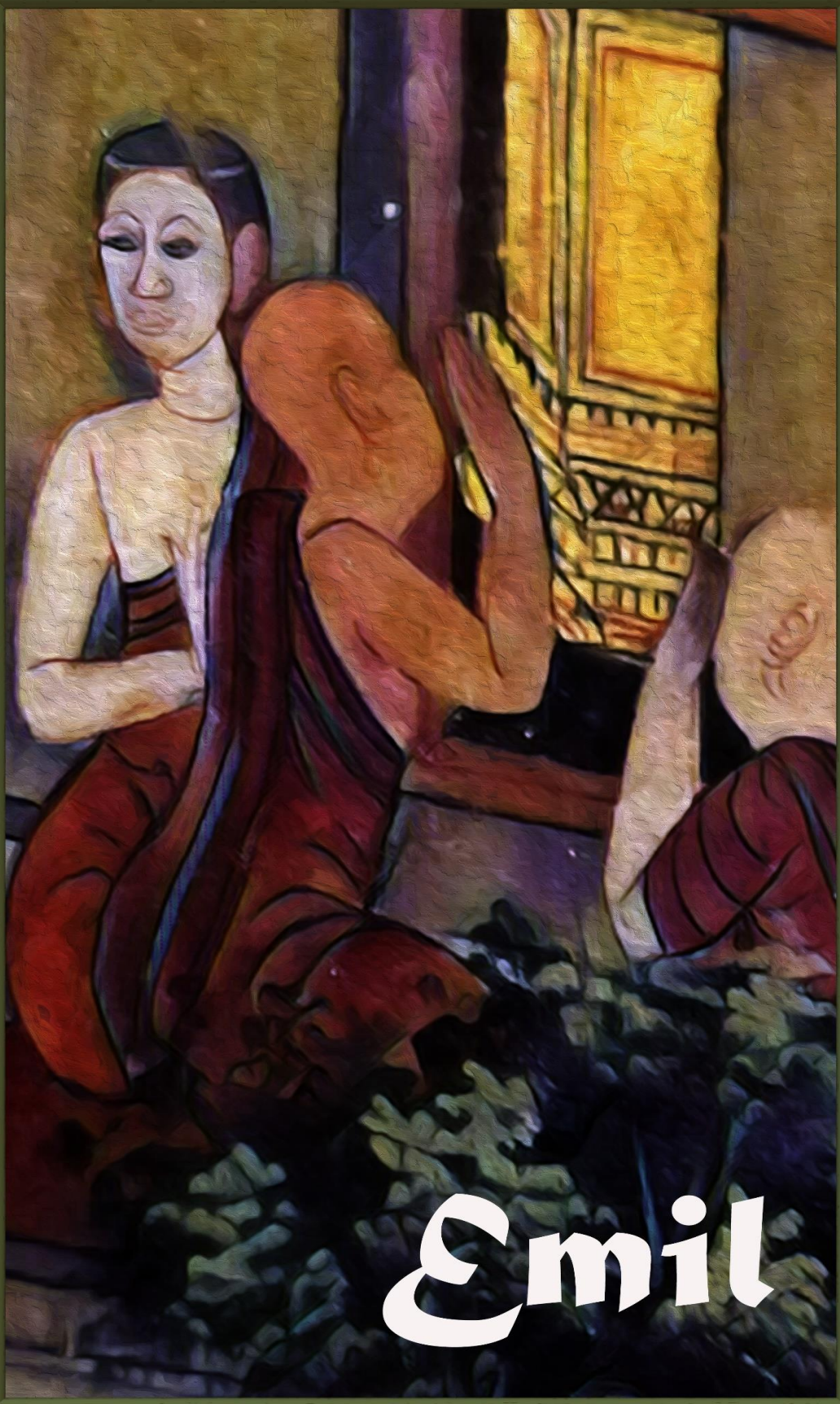
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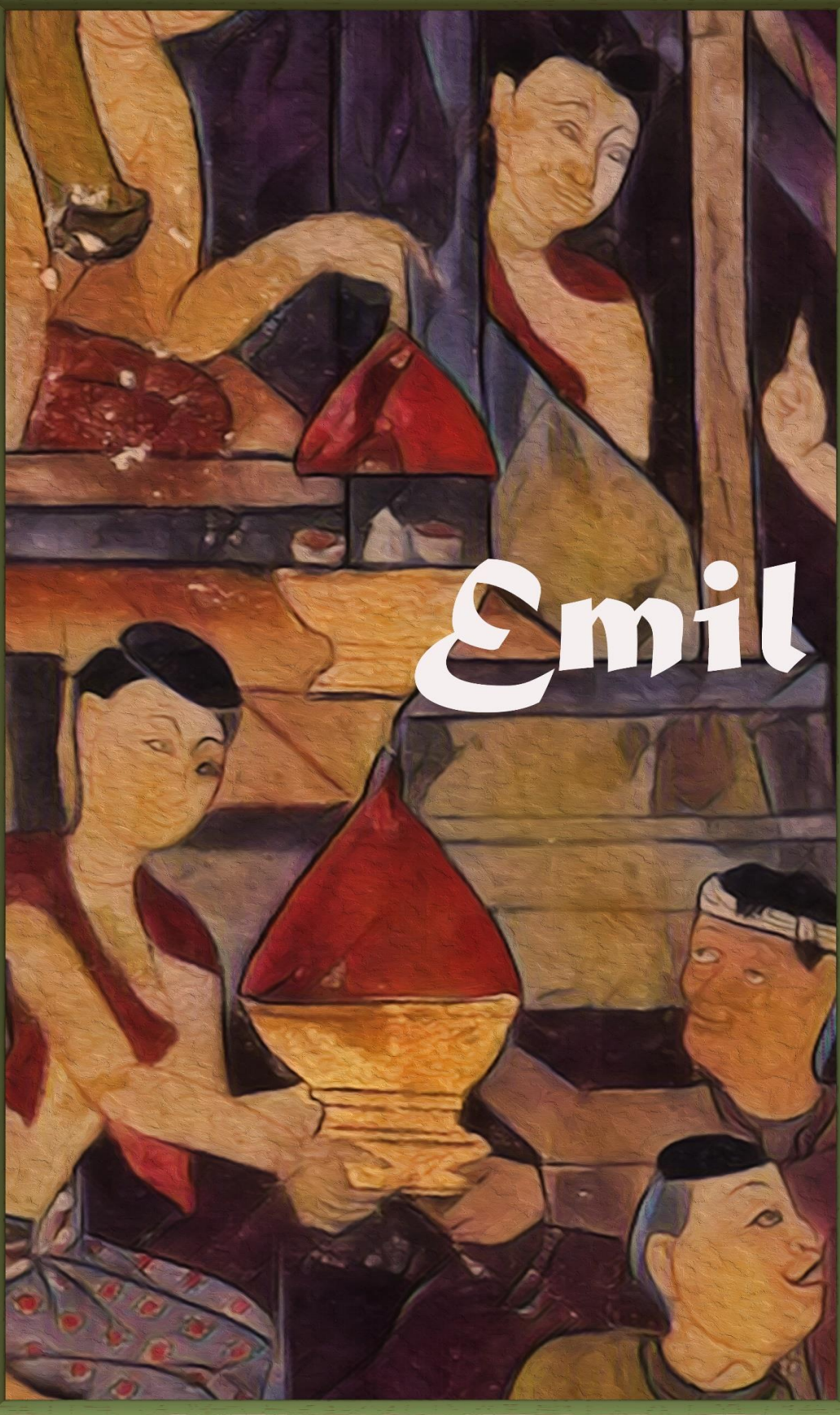
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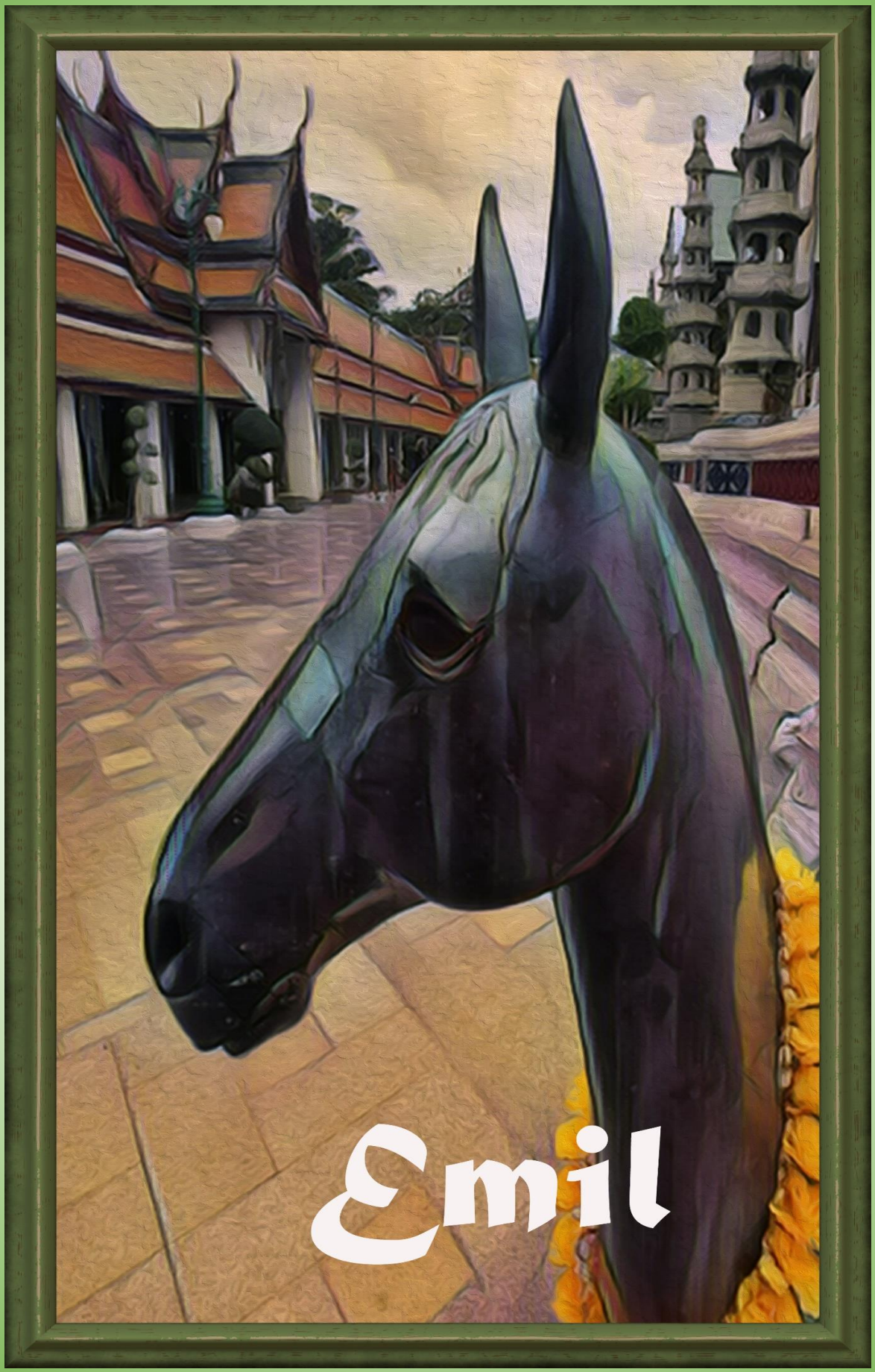
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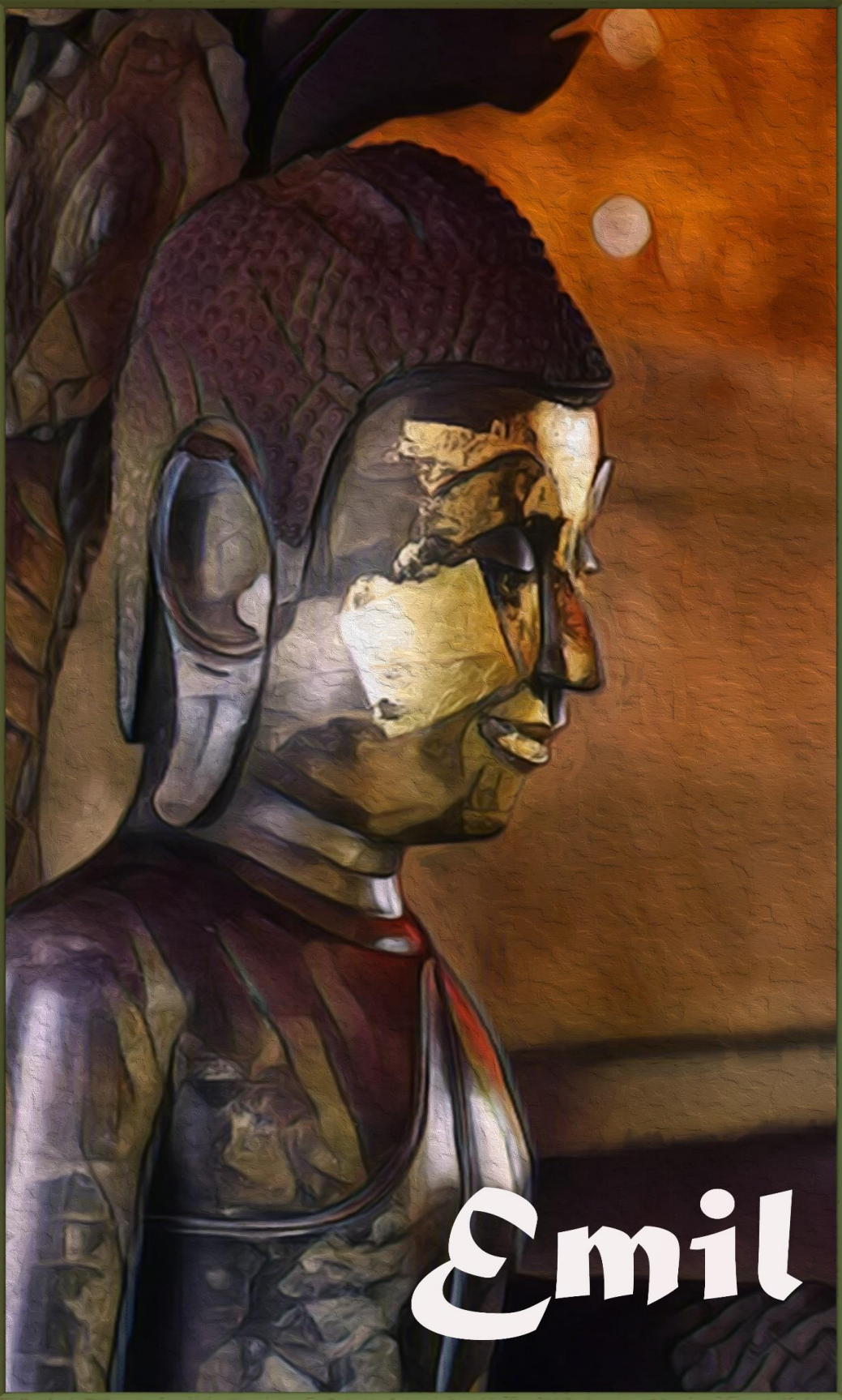
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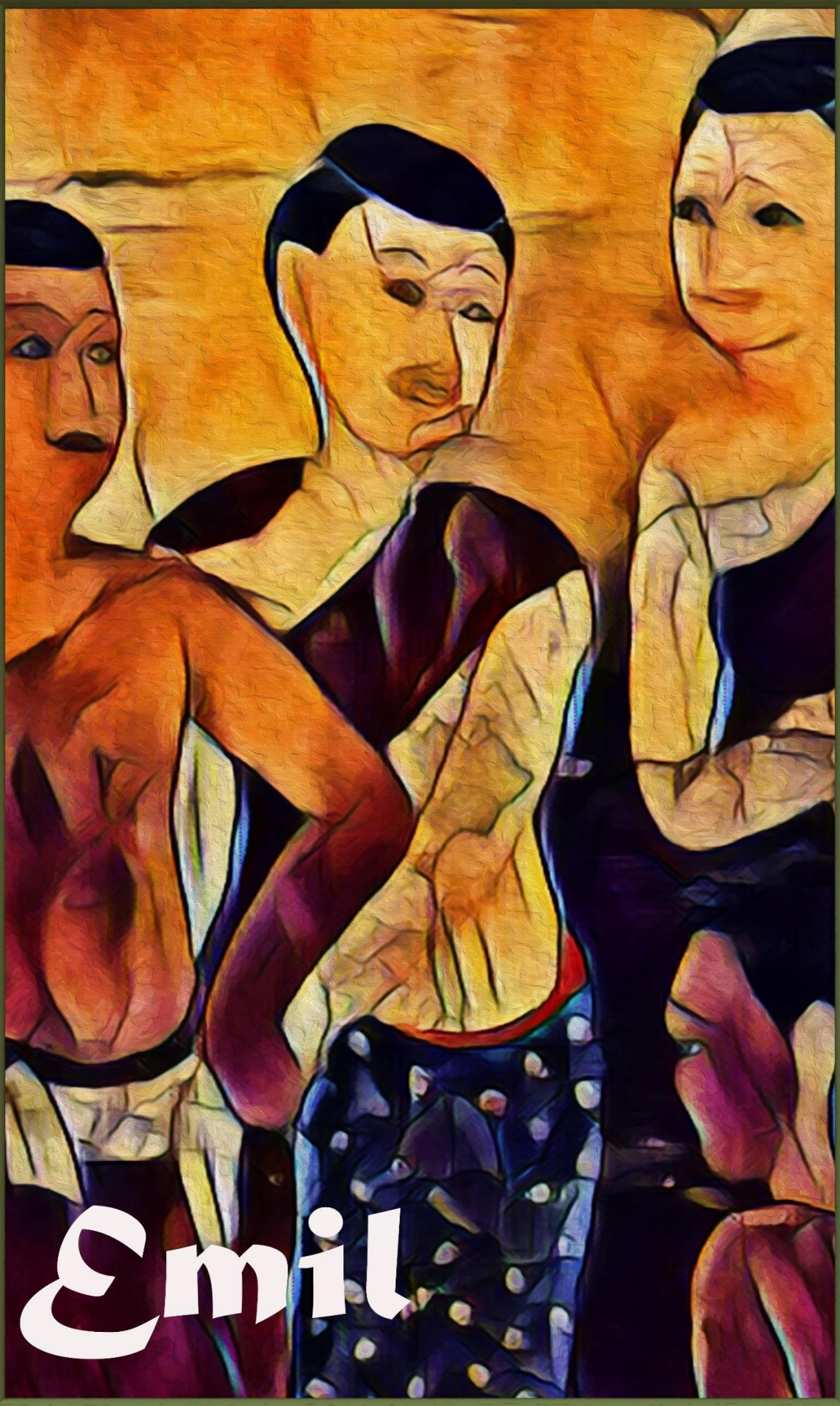
Emil

Emil

Emil West is in Singapore.
1 min · https://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100009382663916

Day Trip to Singapore...

With my trust Nikon F4s in hand and with only a single roll of 36 exposures...mostly due to to the utter cheapness of WWWG... Story should be labeled, "Cheap-ass Trip to Singapore..." They didn't even give me a "one day" bus token..... See more

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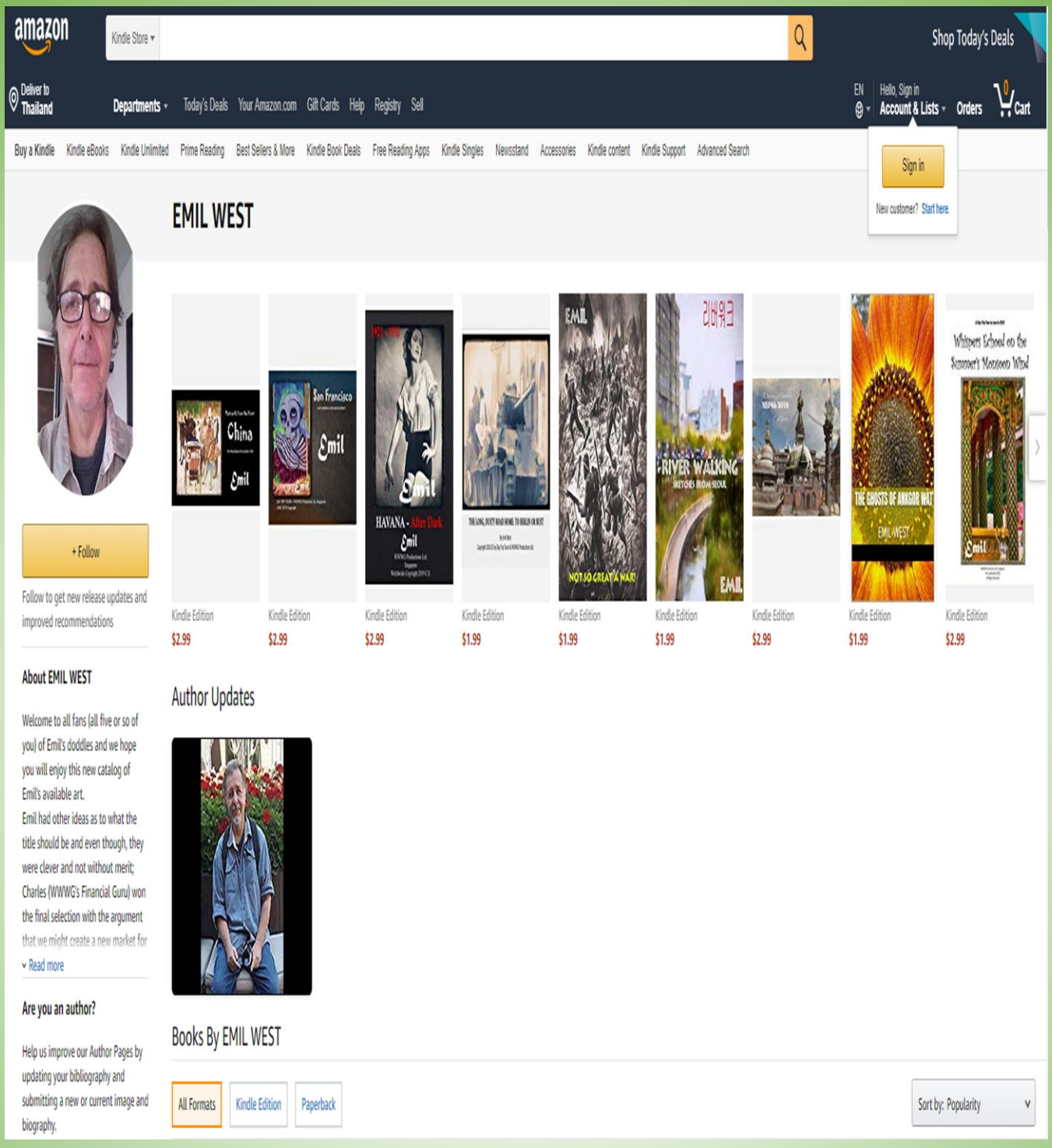

https://www.amazon.com/EMIL-WEST/e/B00ASSUHJS?ref_=pe_1724030_132998060

Emil West is in Singapore.

1 min ·

NEW PHOTOS ADDED...

https://www.flickr.com/photos/emilinsingapore/?

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Emil West
7 mins ·

Check it out...had to drop some videos and lost 2 million views but, it was worth it not to be extorted by rouge, music copyright FAKE claimers,,,
We are still at over 5 million views...even though it has been three years since the last video posted,,,

Emil

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OVER 5 MILLION VIEWS....

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